LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S
BOSTON ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

THE LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

RT. REV. LOUIS S. WALSH, D. D.

BISHOP OF PORTLAND, AUGUST 12, 1906

The Maine Catholic Historical Magazine

Sisters of Mercy in Portland Golden Jubilee Number

Vol. VIII. Portland, Maine, August, 1923 No. 2

CONTENTS

Illustrations:

Frontispiece, Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D.D.
Grotto, St. Joseph's Academy
Rt. Rev. David W. Bacon, D.D.
Bishop Bacon's Home
St. Joseph's Academy and Mother House
St. Joseph's Academy
The Reverend Mothers
Mother House of Sisters of Mercy
Rt. Rev. James Augustine Healy, D.D.
Chapel Interior, St. Joseph's Convent

Articles

True Ideals of Education
Annals of Sisters of Mercy
Sisters of Mercy—Fifty Years in Portland
Bishop Bacon's Last Letter
Chastened
List of Professed Sisters of Mercy
Bishop Healy to Sisters of Mercy
Letter from Norfolk, Va.
Letter from Parlin Pond, Me.

The Reverend Mothers

Bishop Healy to Sisters of Mercy
Letter from Belgium and France
Letter from Switzerland

The Golden Jubilee Celebration

Sisters of Mercy, Chronological Development

True Ideals of Education

When our Bishop opened the King's Academy, March 25, 1919, as a house of education where Christian young ladies might take advanced courses in the various branches of a liberal education, he outlined at length the real ideals of a Christian education, showing clearly their advantages as opposed to the many questionable systems in vogue today. While this excellent article was originally intended and was gven to the public press of Portland, we feel that it is just as timely and consequently worthy of publication in our Diocesan Magazine. The article was written by Bishop Walsh who has well said:

"The King's Chapel at the Academy is Imposing and Beautiful"

The King's Academy was opened for classes and study on Tuesday, March 25th, which is one of the most important and beautiful festival days of the Christian Church. At present the classes in instrumental music, in painting, in all classes of needlework, in French, are ready for organization and also special classes for individuals or small groups in any of the elementary, high school or academic courses. All the classes in instrumental music for girls have been transferred from the Catholic Institute to the new Academy. All the classes for complete courses in elementary, high school, academic, and special branches will be open in September and registration may now be made by applying to the Sister Superior in charge.

The building has been entirely renovated and painted inside, a new plumbing and electric lighting system installed. The furnishings are in harmony with the ideals

of the Academy. In the Reception Room are very fine, large steel engravings of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, Rouen, and Cologne, with very beautiful color Brewer etchings of the Cathedrals of Canterbury, Toledo in Spain, Rheims, and St. Marks, Venice. Many other beautiful oil paintings, etchings, water colors adorn the walls of the various rooms. A very complete collection of large photographs of the chief places and monuments in Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, England, Ireland and Scotland have been given to the Academy.

There is also a unique collection of books on Art, Architecture, Mural and other Interior Decorations, including the furnishings of cathedrals, public buildings and homes of all kinds, in the various important centers of England, France and Italy. This collection will give wonderful opportunities for study in detail of all the important works of the very best designers, architects, artists, artistic work in stone, metal and wood. The Library of the late Judge Putnam, excepting the law books, was purchased by the Right Reverend Bishop for the use of the teachers and pupils and a large number of other books has likewise been given for the studies in English, French, Latin, Greek, etc. A large collection of specimens in plants, flowers, minerals, shells and various artistic works gathered in several countries of Europe, will also be an incentive to study and will form part of the equipment of the studio.

The studio for painting and designing will be fitted up with all that is best in that line and one very beautiful basrelief in plaster has been installed. It is a copy of a masterpiece in the Florence Cathedral and represents the seven scenes in the life of Our Blessed Lord: The Nativity, The Visit of the Magi, Christ in the Temple, The Last Supper, The Scourging at the Pillar, the Carrying of the Cross and the Crucifixion and is a wonderful representation from every point of view.

The course of studies will be as outlined a few weeks ago, and will follow in subjects and method the best and most approved educators of ancient and modern time. This was strikingly illustrated in a lecture by Dean Andrew T.

West of Princeton University two weeks ago at Wheaton College in Massachusetts, in the following words, "He urged the substitution of fewer and more fundamental studies for what he termed the wasteful and educationally confusing miscellany of short courses, now chosen as the basis of an education by many students. He recommended a campaign of publicity favoring classical education and pointed to Germany as an illustration of the danger in adopting "practical education standards." "The classics," he said, "were of great value in training the young minds to clearness, exactness, and thoroughness, and in preparing students to master all other studies in preparation for any sphere or vocation in life."

It will be a happy day when the false educational leaders of the present public school, college and university systems in the United States will stop, listen and heed the wise words of this great educator.

Christian Ideal

Another and even more important idea will be illustrated in the new King's Academy of Portland, namely it stands for and will be the home of a clear, strong, beautiful, uncompromising Christian ideal in mental, physical, moral and spiritual education so strikingly proclaimed in the Gospel page, Matthew 6, Luke 12, namely: "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you." What are these things? The Gospel is equally clear—stature, health, growth, strength, wealth, progress, beauty, glory. "Which of you, by taking thought, can add to his stature one cubit? Be you not solicitous for what you shall eat or what you shall drink or wherewith you shall be clothed, for after all these things do the heathens seek. Behold the birds of the air, they sow not neither do they reap, and yet your Heavenly Father careth for them. Consider the lilies of the field, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these."

We are very near the time, perhaps have gone beyond the time, when the people of America must say whether they shall uphold a Christian or a heathen system of educa-

tion, or at least must say whether these two systems shall be free and equal before the law.

The human child is more than the lily of the field or the bird in the air, is, indeed, the masterpiece of God's creation, as again so beautifully described in the Gospel page, and wonderfully illustrated in all true education.

Nine months in the silence and darkness of the womb are the divine and natural law for gestation and birth of an infant child, and, while false views of parenthood, false methods of social economy, and false standards of the so-called scientific hygiene, may thwart these laws and make the child their victim, they cannot change these laws in one iota.

Six years of innocent childhood in the open air and sunshine are again a divine and natural law and the human folly that puts a child in a hothouse of any kind of a school room before the end of that age is one of the greatest sources of permanent injury to the child's development, again making the child a victim of senseless theories. The laws of education for a child six to eighteen are equally clear, simple and unchangeable in all their essential points, but the human, unwise, amateur educators that have been experimenting on this masterpiece of God's creation during the last two centuries, are legion and increasing all the time under various titles from University to kindergarten.

If Christian civilization is the last and best and only true ideal of mankind, then Christian education is also logically necessarily the best and only true basis, source and binding power of that civilization. Opposed to that civilization and education is the "Heathen System" mentioned above in the Gospel quotation which does not recognize God as creator or governor of mankind, hence must proclaim as its principles "Let us eat and drink and be merry, for tomorrow we must die and die forever."

The public school system of America has now become a non-religious system, or at least non-Christian; it cannot disguise the fact any longer. The next step backward will be an irreligious one and its final phase will be anti-Christian, perhaps even anti-religious; all the laws of mice and men will not prevent this descent to the infernal regions; I

say this with great sadness and hence without any degree of satisfaction.

First, the Kingdom of God

The King's Academy will teach its pupils to "seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice." The glory of the Hebrew Race will be taught to its students in those unsurpassed pages of descriptive biography, Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Isaiah, Daniel, Judith, Ruth, Esther, all friends and adorers of the one true God and yet not wise enough to lead the people in the path of light, truth and virtue.

The pride and heroism of Greece, that had human wisdom, valor, philosophy, had great, yet blind, teachers and when overthrown by force of arms yet conquered the victors to its philosophy, its literature and its architecture, will be shown as clouded and partial truth, because of its idols and heathenish superstition. The majesty of Imperial Rome will be depicted, Immortal Rome, that was thought to be the climax of human power in arms, in law, in language, in nobility of culture, yet was doomed and downed by the muscle, brawn and merely overwhelming numbers of the fierce Germanic sons of the forest yet captivated and conquered them to its civilization, that had been saved and beautified by the messengers of peace and love under the Cross of Christ and the Banner of St. Peter.

God in His own time and way, mysterious though they seem, did build up a Christian or Christ-like civilization, based on an education which was inspired by the Gospel truth, law, worship. The Catholic Church incorporated all that was best in Hebrew, Greek and Roman education and culture, gave to it strength and beauty from the Gospel truth, light, justice, love, and has never for one hour ceased to champion the rights of God over the mind and hearts of men, individuals as well as masses of human beings.

The Catholic Church has been in every big European contest for two thousand years; doomed by Caesar, she conquered and converted Ceasar; overwhelmed by barbarians of many types, she finally tamed them and made them respectable people; doomed again to extinction by the Ger-

manic ferocious Emperors, the Henrys and Fredericks, she made them bend their knees and heads to Almighty God, taught them manners and common sense: wiped off statute book in England, by Henry the Brute and the wily woman Elizabeth, she seemed to exist only in the alley-way, called "Maiden Lane," London; yet in our day, three hundred and fifty years after Henry and Bess went to their doom, the Crown Prince of Wales goes to Rome to be received in splendor at the door of St. Peter's Home. To all these and their imitators or shadows, she has proclaimed the same uncompromising rights of God over nations. "Seek ye therefore first the Kingdom of God."

It is admitted that the Roman Catholic Church had a supervising, never an absolute control over education from 315 to 1517, created or inspired the great schools, from primary institute to academy and university, that were monuments in the literary, social, industrial and artistic spheres of influence, fully as much as the Cathedrals of England, France, Germany, Italy and Spain were and are in the industrial and architectural fields of endeavor and achievement.

All these monuments of glory, silent sermons in stone, have now been seen by the magnificent army of American men and have sent or will send them home with a new conception of truth and right, that will never fade from their vision.

The occasional side glance or fling at medievalism by the traveling amateur talkers and educational faddists of our day, only proves a shallow brain, a lack of real knowledge, or at times a malicious envious heart, that calls for pity but not for argument.

The freedom of those days, generating endless variety and superb flights of genius, needs no apologist, but does need to be shown forth in its true beauty, namely, personal liberty, civic municipal, state and national liberty, the only roots from which great men may grow.

It is true that the humanist or classic schools of the 15th and 16th centuries did oppose some of the methods of the education in university, lyceum and schools of the Renaissance period but never the Christian Catholic foundation. It

was only the impure mentality of Voltaire, the immoral tenets of Rousseau, in the 18th century of France, and their unknown or obscure imitators in England and Germany, that challenged openly the very basis of Christian civilization, hence also of Christian education, and finally and openly called by word and deed for the slogan "No God in Heaven, no master or ruler on earth, but the mobocracy on the one extreme, and on the other, the absurd and satanic doctrine of divine autocracy of the king or emperor, taught in all its nakedness and boldness by Luther at the beginning and Emperor William II at the end of the German despotism. Both extremes are false and both will lead to the degradation of the human race.

Now Christian education means, teaching, first, the Ten Commandments of God without change or revision; secondly, the Apostles' Creed without change or revision, and in the Apostles' Creed there are four strong cornerstones:

(a) I believe in God.

(b) I believe in Jesus Christ * * * Our Lord, born of the Virgin Mary.

(c) I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.

(d) I believe in life everlasting.

These are plain and unchangeable truths. Any other teaching is not Christian and often is simply anti-Christian.

Any school that does not teach these doctrines is not a Christian school. The queer talk about Christianity or religion without a creed and a constitution is mere twaddle, and would be easily recognized if the people were to talk of the republic of the United States without the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution, though, of course, both these documents are subject to change and are often insidiously changed, whereas the Christian's creed and law and constitution are unchangeable. Non-sectarianism is a meaningless myth.

The Gospel again openly declares, "You cannot gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles." America, therefore, if it does not wish to have the heathen thorns and thistles must come back and adopt the Christian education,

without which there is no such thing as Christian civilization.

Nothing will now save humanity but a return to the Christian truth, taking the beautiful title, "Seek ye therefore first the Kingdom of God and His justice." Such is the high purpose and noble aim of The King's Academy in Portland.

Rt. Rev. L. S. Walsh, D.D.

EASTER LILIES

Though long in wintry sleep ye lay,
  The powers of darkness could not stay
Your coming at the call of day,
  Proclaiming spring.
Nay; like the faithful virgins wise,
With lamps replenished ye arise
Ere dawn the death-anointed eyes
  Of Christ, the king.

John B. Tabb.

Annals of the Sisters of Mercy

Portland, Maine, May 31, 1873

On May 31, 1873, Mother M. Gonzaga O'Brien, Sr. M. De Sales Tierney, and Novice Sr. M. Jane Doyle came to Portland for the new mission to found an Orphanage in the city, at the request of the Rt. Rev. David W. Bacon, first Bishop of Portland. Rev. Thomas Wallace, of St. Domonick's, met the Sisters at the Depot and conducted them to the Episcopal residence, where a warm welcome awaited them. The Bishop showed them through the Cathedral.

There was a house bought for them on Free Street, but it was about to be enlarged and repaired, so for the time being, they were received at the Bishop's house. The rooms they occupied had a private entrance to the Cathedral where they could perform their spiritual exercises at their leisure.

There was a fair held at the house on Free Street for the benefit of the Orphans. It was very successful.

When the Bishop asked Rev. M. Xavier Warde for Sisters for the Orphanage, they had so many works and so few Sisters in Manchester, N. H. that Rev. Mother, at first, thought that she would have to refuse his request. But at length she determined to send a few, little dreaming of the great increase in the demand for Sisters before many months.

The Sisters and Orphans were soon installed in the house prepared for them. Bishop Bacon was a real father to the Orphans and did everything in his power for their well being. The people of Portland were very generous in the matter of clothing and other supplies. There were about twenty boys and twenty girls at the opening. The Bishop did not approve of a uniform for the children. He said, it is not necessary to keep it in their minds that they are Orphans.

The Sisters of Cong. Notre Dame, from Canada, who had been in charge of an Academy on Free Street and the free schools of both parishes, were recalled; and the schools devolved on our Sisters at very short notice.

After the recall of the Srs. of Notre Dame the Bishop asked for Srs. of Mercy to take charge of the schools in the City. There were two parishes, the Cathedral and St. Dominick's, both had schools attached. One on a hill above the Cathedral, a frame building, the other a brick building, quite fine for that time at St. Dominick's.

The diocese then consisted of Maine and New Hampshire, so you can form some idea of the labor involved in the care of such a diocese. The Catholics were generally poor and scattered, the priests were few. The zealous Bishop actually worked himself to death in a few years. The first time we saw Bishop Bacon in Manchester, he was a very fine looking man—tall and of imposing presence. A few months later he came again, but how changed he was, he looked ten years older. His dear Mother to whom he was devotedly attached had died in the meantime. He was her only child and she had lived near him, with her sister, in Portland since he became Bishop. He was an eloquent speaker. His sermons at the Ceremonies of Reception and Profession were very pious and instructive. One day in Manchester, we had three sermons, one in the morning at a Profession, one at 3 P. M. at a Reception and the third at Confirmation in the Church at eight o'clock in the evening. Each suited the occasion perfectly and each was entirely distinct from the other. But of all the sermons he preached, the most stirring was that on Papal Infallibility, after his return from the Vatican Council. Like some of the Bishops, he thought it inopportune at first; but his sermon showed that later he embraced it with all his heart.

Bishop Bacon was loved and admired by many outside the fold, for his sterling qualities of heart and mind. He encountered many obstacles in his efforts for the improvement of the diocese. The Civil War broke out just as he was about to build his Cathedral. In 1866 work was resumed, the walls were about fifteen feet high when the entire property, including the chapel, school and other buildings was destroyed by the Great Fire. The loss to the Catholics of Portland was severe. Again, after he had

succeeded in building his Cathedral and having it dedicated September 8, 1870, another hindrance arose.

The dedication was the grandest ceremony ever seen in Portland; eight bishops and seventy-five priests officiating. A fierce storm spread over the New England States that very night, causing great loss of life and property. Among the latter was the falling of the newly dedicated Cathedral steeple. It fell through the roofs of some near houses, thus increasing the expense, as all had to be repaired. But before long the Bishop had built it stronger than ever.

Sr. M. Sebastian Cantwell came for music and with her Sr. M. Veronica Dillon (lay). Before them came Sr. M. Isadore Sullivan and Sr. M. Martina Grogan for the household work. For the schools a little later came Sr. M. Francis X. Lesson (Professed) Sr. M. Evangelist Jordan.

August 16 Sr. M. Euphrasia Byrne (Novice)

Sr. M. Antonia Duffy (Novice) Sr. M. Loyola Brady
Sr. M. Ursula Bradley (Professed)
Sr. M. Gabriel Glynn (Novice)
Sr. M. Gertrude McConville (Professed)
Sr. M. Baptist Jennings (Professed)
Sr. M. Joseph Paul (Professed)
Sr. M. Ignatius Kelley (Professed)
Sr. M. Aloysius O'Halloran (Professed)
Sr. M. Eulalia Barrett (Professed)
Sr. M. Adelaide O'Donohue (Professed)
Sr. M. Genevieve Carraher (Professed)
Sr. M. Dominia de Sales Shanley (Professed)
Sr. M. Regis Gill (Professed)
Sr. M. Madeleine O'Donnell (Novice)
Sr. M. Alocoque (Novice)
Sr. M. Raymond Leonard (Novice)

The Lay Sisters for the domestic work were:

Sr. M. Lucy Seery (Novice)
Sr. M. Patricia Peacock (Professed)
Sr. M. Martha Dillon (Professed)
Sr. M. Andrea Condren (Professed)

Sr. M. Leo Keenan (Professed)
Sr. M. Winifred Rider (Professed)
Sr. M. Barbara Dolan (Professed)
Sr. M. Anselem Dwyer (Professed)
Sr. M. Lawrence Killmurry (Professed)
Sr. M. Alexis Keenan (Professed)
Sr. M. Lita McDonough (Professed)
Sr. M. Cosmos Mullen (Professed)
Sr. M. Mathias Mulloy (Professed)
Sr. M. Thecla McDonough (Professed)

The schools opened in September of that year. The academy in the house was well patronized. The house was now pretty full with forty orphans and thirty Sisters.

Miss Kavanagh was a Catholic lady of Damariscotta, Maine, whose brother was for a time representative at the Court of Portugal, later on—Governor of the State. He was acompanied by his sister Winifred at that time on his Spanish voyage. Miss Kavanagh, then quite young was presented at the Spanish Court. She never married, and at the time of our annals was the centre of a Catholic colony where Mass was said frequently. All the Catholics looked upon her as their leader. She gave a good house, orchard and plot of land to Rev. Father Peterson of North Whitefield, Maine for a convent. It was used for a time as a boarding school, but it was found unsuitable for many reasons and at the opening of the Convent in Portland the Sisters were needed there so the Whitefield house was closed for a time. This lady gave Bishop Bacon fifty thousand dollars ($50,000) to build a Convent for the Sisters. It was to have been built near the Cathedral, but his successor (Rt. Rev. Bishop Healey) had other ideas and built there the Kavanagh School.

In the beginning the Bishop had to rely on priests from other dioceses, who never remained long, great therefore was his delight as his own students were ordained. Among some of the first were: Rev. T. Wallace, Rev. E. M. O'Callaghan, Rev. John Power, Rev. C. Sullivan, Rev. C. O'Callaghan, Rev. D. Murphy, Rev. J. Murphy, Rev. M. O'Brien, Rev. D. M. Bradly, Rev. R. Lee.

Before the Bishop's last visit to Europe his health began to fail visibly.

The first death took place in our community, in a startling manner. Sr. M. Isidore was, as it was thought, slightly ill for a few days, but no one dreamed of anything serious. After the calling bell in the morning some sister went into her cell in the dormitory to see how she was. She found her cold in death. She must have died in the early night. This death was a dreadful shock to all. R. I. P. Mother M. Gonzaga O'Brien was recalled to Manchester in 1873. She was succeeded by Sr. M. Francis X. Lesson who was in charge till 1875. In 1874 the Rt. Rev. Bishop accompanied by Rev. Fr. Barry of Concord set out for his last trip to Rome. Before he left he seemed to have an intuition of his approaching end saying "I will do so and so when I come back, that is, if I ever come back." When they reached France, he was so ill that he was obliged to stay in the hospital of the Sisters of Divine Wisdom while Rev. Fr. Barry continued his journey to Rome. On the Feast of the Assumption, a day of Special devotion with him, the Bishop said Mass and administered Communion to a large number of persons. That was his last official act. He suffered much on the homeward journey, praying that he might live to regain his own country. He reached New York in a dying condition, and was carried to the St. Vincent's hospital, where he expired during the night. Before the early Mass on the morning of the fifth of November, 1874 we received the sad news of his death. His remains were brought to Portland for interment on the 10th accompanied by his life-long friend, Cardinal McClosky, several Bishops and Priests. The funeral services in the Cathedral next day were very imposing and he was laid to rest, amid the prayers and tears of his bereaved flock, under the altar of the Cathedral that had cost him so much labor.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed
And I desire, what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

Abram J. Ryan.

GROTTO OF "OUR LADY OF LOURDES," ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY
PORTLAND, MAINE

Sisters of Mercy

Fifty Years In Portland

CHAPTER I

So quiet and unassuming, so little given to public demonstration, so foreign to the world, are the lives of our devoted Sisters, those self-sacrificing, heroic women whose very existence has been consecrated to the service of the Master, that one finds it difficult to realize that half a century has passed since the good Sisters of Mercy came to Portland.

The forest city lay basking in the balmy airs of a beautiful Spring day; the busy multitudes passing to and fro, perchance hardly noticed a stalwart young priest as he stood awaiting the arrival of the western train; or perhaps wondered if he were not to depart on a journey up the State to visit some distant family; or to welcome the advent of some dear clerical friend. As the afternoon train rolled into the station bearing its load of precious humanity, the passers by may have truly asked themselves who were these travel worn women in strange garb, these two ladies already advanced in years, in appearances distinguished, accompanied by another more youthful, hardly more than a young girl in her teens, that cordially greeted the young priest and accepted his escort to an awaiting carriage. Had anyone ventured to ask the destination of the small party, the Father, in his brusque way would have answered, that "They were the Sisters of Mercy, that they had come from Manchester, N. H. at the request of Bishop Bacon, to care for the Catholic orphans of Portland." He may perhaps have introduced them to some good people assembled to bid them welcome, as Mother Gonzaga O'Brien, Sister De Sales Tierney, and the youthful novice as Sister Mary Jane Doyle, commonly known in later years as Sister Jane.

This perhaps unnoticed event took place at the close of the last day of May 1873. The young priest delegated by his Bishop to meet the Sisters on their arrival, was the late Rt. Rev. Thomas H. Wallace, then assistant at St. Dominic's church in Portland. The only member of the little party to

survive the passing of half a century, is Sister Jane, then a young postulant knocking at the door, or seeking admission as a member of the Sisters of Mercy.

As the carriage bearing the little community slowly rumbled on its way up town from the station, there was at least one heart that had already given itself to the Sisters and their glorious work. The few remembrances that now remain give us unmistakable evidences that the pioneer Bishop of Portland, David W. Bacon, had prepared a whole souled welcome for his faithful daughters in the Lord; that he had hastened repairs and improvements on his former home in Free Street; that he had been unable to complete the work ere the Sisters reached his Episcopal city; that instead of seeking temporary lodgings for them with some of the good people of Portland who would have been pleased and honored to entertain the religious pending the completion of their convent,—Bishop Bacon received them in his own home where they remained as guests until June 30th when they quietly passed to their convent home.

While members of their Bishop's household, the Sisters occupied a suite of rooms adjoining the chapel which made it possible for them to attend their daily devotions without disturbing the usual routine of the house. Their repasts were taken at the Bishop's table, each Sister being generously served by the chief pastor of the diocese of Portland. During their month's stay at the Bishop's, the Sisters were busily engaged in preparing their convent for occupancy. Day by day, kindly aided by many of the Catholic people, the task was pursued with tireless energy with the result that the first community of the Sisters of Mercy in Portland on the last day of June 1873, bade farewell to their kind host and took up their residence beneath their convent roof. Their annals tell us that one of the workmen who had been witnesses to their energy, presented a bouquet of roses which gave, as it were, a spring time air to the newly born community, the third to open its doors for religious work in Maine. The Sisters of Mercy were consequently no strangers to the good people of our State.

Many years before they had come to that then distant city of the diocese, Manchester, where they had been firmly

established by that great pioneer priest, the late Father McDonald who had most carefully fostered their first years in the Diocese. In 1865 they journeyed over to Bangor where their foundation dates from the beautiful feast of Our Lady of the Snows, August 5. This was their first house in Maine.

Six years later, the old parish of Whitefield rejoiced with the Sisters when they came to occupy the beautiful convent recently erected by the Rev. James Peterson, then pastor of the parish of Whitefield and Damariscotta. Had it not been for the presence of the Sisters of Notre Dame in Portland, Bishop Bacon would undoubtedly, have invited the Sisters of Mercy to Portland many years prior to their actual foundation.

With very limited resources, his physical forces nearly exhausted, through the burdens entailed by the supreme efforts required for the up-building of the Church in his poor but vast Diocese: it was only near the close of his busy life that the first Bishop of Portland found it possible to enrich his Episcopal city with another community which would hold out a helping hand to some few of the many Catholic orphans then knocking at the portals of the generous hearted chief pastor of the Diocese.

When we recall just a mere passing remembrance of those days, we easily realize the circumstances which led Bishop Bacon to share his home with the Sisters, as well as the many necessities then wanting in their first community home in Portland. With a spirit broken by years of toil, a heart saddened by the loss of his Cathedral, his Episcopal residence and most of the homes of his devoted peoples', Bishop Bacon was not of the kind to sit down and spend his remaining days bewailing his losses.

In the midst of the nearly universal ruins entailed by the great fire of 1866, the heroic Bishop became a leader in the rebuilding of the stricken city. Well steeled with the fires of adversity—it was consequently not difficult for our first Bishop to ask the devoted christian ladies, Mother Gonzager, Sister De Sales and Sister Jane, to share his misfortunes,

and to lend a willing hand in his heroic effort to alleviate the miseries of his disabled people.

June 30, 1873, the Feast of the Commemoration of St. Paul, the Apostle, saw the sisters duly established in their convent on Free Street, but it was only on August 17th that their temporary chapel was ready for their first community mass. There was little pomp attending this first celebration. The temporary altar was erected on rough boards supported on two wooden horses used by the carpenters in their work. A few sheets tacked over the unfinished lumber, a few bouquets, and the usual candles permitted by rubric, were the only decorations. The festival of St. Hyacinth, the morning of August 17, saw the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of Father Wallace at the Free Street Convent.

After leaving the Bishop's House, the Sisters while awaiting the completion of the necessary renovations in their home, assisted at the daily mass in St. Dominick's Church, but the following August 17, the little band was gladdened every morning by having the Eternal Sacrifice offered under their humble roof. This was the first great event of each day. The next was Bishop Bacon's visit. Hardly a day passed that the Bishop did not come to look after the workmen, and to spend a few moments of edifying converse with the Sisters.

The Bishop was not a well man this summer, so that he remained, for the most part at home. For an invalid, he was perhaps too active, and too busied with the material affairs of the Church. He took a personal interest in everything that concerned the struggling community. He knew each Sister by name; knew her family history; seemed to sense her personal needs; and tried to be in every way a father to each and everyone. While rather informal, the Bishop never lost sight of the fact that, however few and humble the Sisters might be, they were a community governed by their rule, hence limited his associations to recreation hours. On these occasions the chief pastor was ever a great source of consolation and edification to his daughters in the Lord. He seemed to aim at having each Sister feel that she was a real asset to his work, that she was neces-

RT. REV. DAVID W. BACON, D.D.

CONSECRATED APRIL 22, 1855

DIED NOVEMBER 5, 1874

sary for its success. His bearing towards the Sisters was tempered with the greatest respect and kindness, a fact which rendered the souvenir of their first days in Portland worthy of loving remembrance.

These happy days were also greatly enhanced by the edifying associations which the Sisters were privileged to enjoy on the part of Denis M. Bradly, their confessor, then a young priest attached to the Bishop's household. For some ten years, or until his appointment as pastor of St. Joseph's in Manchester, Father Bradly continued to be the ever faithful director of the spiritual destinies of the Sisters of Mercy in Portland.

Before the early summer days had passed, the original community was augmented by the arrival of five additional sisters, namely, Mary Ursula Bradley, Mary Euphrasia Byrne, Mary Isadore, Mary Lucy and Mary Sebastian Cantwell who acted as organist at the Cathedral during the summer of 1873.

When Bishop Bacon brought the Sisters of Mercy to Portland, it was his intention, as we have noted above, to place them in charge of St. Elizabeth's Orphanage, an institution which he had just established to care for the Catholic Orphans of this part of his diocese; and in truth the Sisters were not long in their new home ere the little applicants began to arrive, the first girl being Nellie Fox and the first boy, James McKay. The work was a most timely one, for it had hardly gotten under way ere there were about forty needy ones, nearly equally divided, girls and boys gathered about Bishop Bacon's hospitable table.

At the opening of the Orphanage, when the question of uniform clothing came up, Bishop Bacon was not favorable to the children wearing a uniform as was customary in other institutions, saying, "It is not necessary to keep the fact of their being orphans constantly before their minds."

For several years the Catholic Parochial Schools of Portland had been in charge of the congregation of Notre Dame, chiefly Canadian Sisters from Montreal. Besides the schools in the Cathedral and St. Dominick's parishes, these Sisters had an Academy at their home in Free Street. The Bishop apparently did not intend making any change in the

usual routine of his schools. While perhaps not entirely satisfied with the results attained, he was aiming to bring his schools up to the standard set by the local authorities, rather than make any change in their management. He was, consequently, hardly prepared for the announcement from the Congregation, during the summer, that their Sisters were to be withdrawn from Portland. Deeply chagrined, but not undaunted, the Bishop at once addressed Mother Warde at Manchester, clearly stating the situation, and asking her to come to his aid.

For Mother Warde the question of supplying a need so suddenly announced was not easy, since it had been with difficulty that she had sent to Portland the few Sisters already there; but so urgent was the appeal voiced by the good Bishop, that there seemed small choice left the heroic founder of the Sisters of Mercy in the Diocese of Portland.

Mother Warde accordingly reviewed her already depleted forces, with the result that by making many sacrifices, she found it possible to send her Bishop twenty additional Sisters to replace the departing Sisters of the Congregation, in the Catholic Schools of Portland.

The coming of September and the school days of the fall of 1873, found the Sisters of Mercy ready to take up their duties as teachers in the Parochial Schools of the city. There were at this time two Catholic Schools in Portland, namely, St. Aloysius on Monjoy Hill in charge of Sister Mary Ursula, and St. Dominick's in charge of Sister Mary Ignatius Kelly.

In addition to the care of the Sodalities in both the Cathedral and St. Dominick's parishes, the Sisters continued St. Elizabeth's Academy, as well as a night school for those unable to attend during the day. In those days about all the Catholic children attended the Parochial Schools. Parents were blessed with large families, and, even though they may have been poor, God's favors were willingly accepted in all their abundance.

Bishop Bacon set a high standard of attachment to the children of his schools; the Sisters had only to follow his example in winning their way to the hearts of their pupils. It was the Bishop's aim to get close to the hearts of his little

ones. He used to tell the Sisters, "Never keep the children after school at noon: many of them have poor homes, and if they are not present when dinner is served, they may have to go without any." If he chanced to see a child crying, he would at once inquire the reason. Corporal punishment was rare, or seldom, if ever, resorted to, the Bishop preferring to have the pupils governed by kindness rather than harsh methods. As a result the children were always anxious to serve or wait on the Bishop.

In justice to the Sisters of Notre Dame, it should not be forgotten that the Sisters of Mercy found the Portland Catholic children well trained when they took charge of their schools. To attain success they found that they had only to continue the faithful work and keep up the good traditions already so well established by the retiring Sisters of Notre Dame.

Bishop Bacon, whose health as we have hinted above, was very poor, consequently found much solace in the co-operation and success which followed the coming of the Sisters of Mercy to Portland. For some time the Bishop had been planning to go abroad, partly as a duty, more perhaps with the hope of restoring his already depleted physical forces. He had arranged to travel in company with Archbishop McClosky of New York, who had always been one of his closest friends.

In the spring of 1874, after having passed a miserable winter the Bishop assembled his priests at Manchester and at Portland for a farewell conference, which he, perhaps better than anyone else, realized was to be final. His taking leave of his faithful co-laborers, the Sisters of Mercy both in Manchester and Portland, was that of a father committing himself to the prayers of his daughters in the Lord.

The first days of July saw the sick Bishop on the sea, but no improvement in his physical condition was noted. On the contrary from day to day it became evident that he was losing ground. When the party arrived at Brest, it was found that he could travel no farther. His fellow-travelers, fearful that the end was not far off, decided to hurry on to Rome, seek the blessing of the Holy Father, and then hasten back to their dying friend in France.

On their return from their hurried trip to the Eternal City, they found in truth their fears verified, and that the heroic Bishop of Portland was rapidly approaching the close of his days. Bishop Bacon had now but one wish, and that to die at home. "Don't go, Bishop," urged the kind nuns in the hospital at Brest. "You will not live to reach the other shore." But that determination so characteristic of the first Bishop of Portland remained to the last.

In a half dying condition, he had himself carried aboard the ship, fondly hoping that his powers of endurance might at least see him back among those whom he fondly called his own. During the entire journey across the Atlantic, Archbishop McClosky, soon to be made the first American Cardinal, was his constant attendant. Of material nourishment he could take no more. A few drops of water from the Blessed Spring in Lourdes was all that passed the lips of the dying Bishop. From hour to hour it seemed barely possible that he could see the dawning of another day.

The welcome shores of America at last came in view, and New York, the great port of the western world was soon reached. The expiring Bishop was hurridly landed and taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, whence a few hours later his heroic soul went forth to meet his Creator, November 5, 1874, at the age of 61.

The body was brought to Portland and the funeral Mass was held in the Cathedral on November 10. The sermon was preached by Most Rev. Archbishop McClosky of New York, his life-long friend, who summed up the life of Bishop Bacon in these words: "He was a man of eminent sanctity, wise counsel, prudent zeal, indomitable courage and tireless energy. ****** He will take his place among the saints and martyrs and apostles. You will no more look upon his paternal and beauteous countenance, but the remembrance thereof will ever be first in your memories."

The organ pealed forth its most sympathetic tones, the Cathedral bell tolled its melancholy requiem, while the remains of the highly respected and honored Bishop, whom to know was to love, were being placed in a temporary brick vault beneath the Sanctuary, where they have since rested.

The Sisters of Mercy naturally felt Bishop Bacon's death

very keenly, for while they had seen him from time to time since coming to Manchester and other parishes in his Diocese, yet it was only following their advent to his Episcopal city that they really learned his true worth.

During the few months they were close to him, they were given many opportunities of knowing the kindly nature, the amiability, the genial character of the first Bishop of Portland. His personal devotion and sincerity were such that it was a pleasure for the Sisters to have him come and sit among them. They found him very sensitive and very distant, in truth, rather formal. He dreaded nothing more than wounding a person's feeling, so much so that if he chanced to say anything disagreeable, he would soon return to apologize. It was, therefore, with a real sense of loss and sorrow that the Sisters of Mercy learned the morning following his death, that their friend and patron, their dear father in the Lord, was no more.

CHAPTER II

Pending the appointment of his successor and the coming of James Augustine Healy as second Bishop of Portland, the Sisters simply continued the good work which had already characterized their years of usefulness in the Diocese. It took some little time to accustom themselves to the new Bishop, who was a young man disposed to keep everyone at a distance, or as some of the Sisters say, "had an ugly bark but never bit."

Dignified in appearances, the Sisters soon discovered that the Bishop was very tender and attentive especially to sick Sisters. Hardly a day passed when he did not visit the schools; the children loved him and used to gather about him. As the years passed by, Bishop Healy became more and more easy to approach, gradually losing that quick sarcastic way of speaking that characterized the early years of his Episcopate.

At heart very lovable, the Bishop considered all the Sisters his Sisters in the Lord, calling them oftentimes "his little, big and tall daughters." It was his custom to give the Sisters a conference every Sunday evening, in which

there were thoughts that would serve as subjects of meditation during the entire week. When absent, wrote beautiful letters on his travels, regular journals on what he observed as striking and interesting. His conferences were filled to overflowing with anecdotes and pleasing stories from the lives of noted or saintly children of the Church which served to render the remembrance of his familiar talks lasting as well as to show that Bishop Healy as one of the aged Sisters very beautifully expressed, "Guarded you with the tenderness of a Mother, and the fine heart of a Father."

The first great event in Bishop Healy's Episcopate was the opening of the Kavanaugh School in 1877. Before his death, Bishop Bacon had planned and had laid the foundation for a Convent on the spot where the Kavanaugh School now stands, but the plan later carried out appeared more advisable to his successor.

The generosity of the devoted sister of Maine's only Catholic Governor, Winifred Kavanaugh of New Castle made the Bishop's school plans possible and gave the Sisters increased opportunities for proving their worth to the Catholic people as well as perpetuating the memory of a name that should always he held dear to the Church in Maine. For nearly half a century, or since the fall of 1877, the Kavanaugh school has been a well known land mark in the city of Portland. From its well worn portals, the Sisters of Mercy have sent forth thousands of Catholic children well prepared for the great affairs of life; thoroughly seasoned in the mysteries of our holy Faith, hence well-fitted for the duties of citizenship in the great American Republic.

Christian virtues exemplified in the lives of the many Sisters who have held kindly sway within the Kavanaugh halls, have been quietly made part and parcel of many an existence which otherwise would have been cheerless amid life's many cares.

In 1881, Bishop Healy's thoughts wandered to the suburbs of Portland, to Deering's beautiful yet sturdy oaks, to the spot famed by our much loved poet Longfellow, in his poem "To My Lost Youth." With perhaps the very thought of the awful possibilities of "lost youth", the learned Bishop

musing on the ideals of sturdiness and stability so typified by the noble oak, conceived the design of here founding an institution which, under the fostering care and influences of the Sisters of Mercy, would safeguard youth from its many follies, thus rendering it anything but "lost."

This very year, the F. O. J. Smith estate, a stately brick house with stone trimmings, in the midst of fertile acres on which nature and art have labored with a lavish hand, became the property of the Sisters of Mercy. Here beneath the shadow of these truly lovely forest glades, hundreds of girls in early maidenhood have since learned those lessons of Christian perfection, have sensed those sublime virtues which have safeguarded their after years.

The Sisters of Mercy have ever been strong in their devotions to the foster-father of our Lord; hence we need not be surprised that the new institution at Deering was placed under his immediate patronage, and has since been known as St. Joseph's Academy.

In addition to their orphanage, their schools in Portland, and their high-class Academy at Deering, Bishop Healy saw yet greater possibilities of usefulness for his daughters in the Lord.

The care of aged ladies when past their days of activity and usefulness, now became a favored problem for Portland's illustrious Bishop, who earnestly sought, here and there in his Diocese, the means for the establishment of such an institution. In response to his appeals, an aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. James Reynolds of Gardiner, named their Bishop beneficiary in their will to the extent that he was enabled to proceed with the construction of the large brick building at Deering, near the Academy, which for many years, under the guiding hand of Sister Jane, gave to many a worthy lady now advanced in years, a peaceful and kindly abode in which, at a nominal cost, she might spend her declining days.

The opening of "The Old Ladies' Home" at Deering, under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, marks the close of their development in Portland during the Healy Episcopate. The needs of the times were now provided for, or at least their spheres of usefulness had been multiplied as far as

BISHOP BACON'S HOME

AFTERWARDS MOTHER HOUSE, SISTERS OF MERCY,
NOW CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

the limited resources of that day would permit. The Sisters now settled down to that constant everyday task which while unnoticed and unsung, was nevertheless productive of untold results.

During his remaining years, Bishop Healy grew more and more into the lives of his devoted daughters in the Lord. On the occasions of his pastoral visitations, he was ever on the alert for subjects to augment his Sisterhood. His appeals to Mothers "to send their daughters to Deering, to consecrate them to the Lord," were many and often repeated. When at home, hardly a day passed without seeing his faithful horses and modest carriage either on the way or at Deering. Many of the happiest recollections carried by the devoted pupils and Sisters to the far away vistas of future years, were those of their Bishop's fatherly or paternal interest in their welfare. In their homes, in the bosom of their families, his stories, his anecdotes, his familiar converse, his Christian instructions were often repeated.

These happy days, these days of edifying the constant assistance terminated with the sudden, though not unprepared death of the great Bishop of Portland. After an Episcopate of a quarter of a century devoted to the development of religion in his vast Diocese, Bishop Healy slept in the Lord, August 5, 1899. To depart this life on the beautiful festival of our lady of the Snows was truly a fitting end to the years of James Augustine Healy. His deep devotion to the Mother of God, Mary Immaculate, merited that he should approach the portals of Eternity on the occasion of one of her well chosen festivals.

His constant solicitude for the consecrated daughters of the Lord; his anxiety for their bodily and spiritual welfare had endeared the Bishop to every devoted Sister in his Diocese. His spiritual conferences had been so fruitful and edifying; his visits to their different communities so cordial and so frequent, that it is not surprising that the Sisters sense of personal loss in the death of the Bishop was very great, and that of all the requiems offered before the throne of God for the eternal repose of the soul of James Augustine Healy, second Bishop of Portland, none were more fervent

or more heartfelt than those offered by his faithful daughters in the Lord, the Sisters of Mercy.

CHAPTER III

During the interregnum, so called, following the death of Bishop Healy, and the quinquenium during which his successor, the Rt. Rev. William H. O'Connell ruled the destinies of the Diocese of Portland, we note no special or particular development on the part of the Sisters of Mercy who continued in the faithful performance of their wonted duties, apparently awaiting, like a rose about to bloom, the marvelous impulse and multiplication of activities which has been theirs since the coming of Louis Sebastian Walsh, D. D., to take the seat vacated in the early spring of 1906 by the transfer of Bishop O'Connell to Boston. In October of this same year the new chief pastor took up his duties as head of the Church in the Diocese of Portland.

While it is naturally difficult and embarrassing to sing the praises of living leaders in Israel, yet we cannot help voicing the opinion that Bishop Walsh has been, as it were, the mainspring in the existence of his daughters in the Lord, and he it is who has given the needed impulse to the little short of marvelous development which has been theirs since his coming to Portland as their Bishop.

During the years of his predecessors Bishops Bacon and Healy, the Sisters of Mercy had opened their Orphanage, their Parochial Schools, the Old Ladies' Home and St. Joseph's Academy in what is now the city of Portland. Their existence as a community in the city had embraced a period of little more than a third of a century.

About fifteen years have elapsed since the advent of Bishop Walsh. During this period they have averaged almost a new institution a year in Portland, to say nothing of the many houses opened by the Sisters of Mercy in other parts of this extensive Diocese. In Portland their institutions embrace about every phase of human life, from the cradle to the grave. A home for the tender and abandoned infants, asylums for the homeless child whether boy or girl, educational institutions that rank with the best for the

Catholic youth of the city, homes for the working girl, a refuge for aged women, a select academy for young ladies who aim at a finished education, a hospital second to none in equipment, lastly the magnificent edifice on Stevens Avenue, the great Mother House of the Sisters of Mercy for the Diocese of Portland, all of which have come into existence during the years of Bishop Walsh.

So much for the material evidences of the Sisters of Mercy in our chief city. To enumerate their homes of many and varied purposes, is truly an easy task, but who shall attempt to estimate the hidden, the unseen worth, the spiritual value of these pious God loving women, whose very existence has been consecrated by vow to the cause of religion and the safe-guarding of the dearest interests of humanity? This thought occurred to the writer a few days ago as he was privileged to witness a whole car filled with Sisters of Mercy leaving their Mother Home to take up their many daily duties among the good people of Portland.

In a reflective moment, we could not help sensing the great debt we owe our nuns for their noble work which they go about quietly and modestly, without ostentation, broadcasting the priceless aroma of their consecrated lives.

From the presence of God, they go forth every morning to their allotted task; all day long they toil—gentle words constantly fall from their lips; the little seeds of kindness are scattered about them in all their abundance; seeds which perchance tomorrow may manifest themselves in the thorny pathway wherein the Sisters' feet have trod.

In Holy Scripture, often-times the lives of good people are most aptly compared to dew—silently and imperceptibly it falls; no herald marks its coming; no ear hears it dropping; yet the observant eye beholds the effect of its passing; the rippling leaves covered as it were with closely clustered pearls. The dusty ways in life have their dew; often-times it noiselessly falls from virtuous hearts of hallowed maidens, consecrated to endless hours of labor in the Master's Vineyard.

Fifty years have rolled by since the Sisters of Mercy came to Portland. Of the first arrivals, only Sister Jane now survives to tell the story of their coming; but who

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY AND MOTHER HOUSE OF SISTERS OF MERCY
PORTLAND, MAINE

shall presume to write the history of their labors? Day by day they have gone to their allotted task, but only the recording angel who has stood by during all these years, can tell the real story of their secrifices. He alone can commemorate the true and lasting effects of their Christian example. He alone can tell the trials and privations under which they have labored, the sacrifices that have marked their passing.

Hundreds of the individual Sisters have gone to their Eternal reward. No marble monuments mark their last resting place, the hallowed spot where their frail and wasted forms now sleep; but while they no longer appear as in days of yore, their memory will ever remain green in many a grateful heart. This is a reward which can never be measured by silver or gold. To linger by our good example in the hearts of those whom we have edified, to be held in loving, in grateful remembrance long after our clayey home, the tenement of our mortality hath moulded into dust, while in a certain sense earthly is without doubt a reward bordering on the Eternal, since the same naturally bespeaks for us a well-deserved resting place among the Everlasting Hills.

"Her down-bed, a pallet—her trinket, a bead,
Her lustre—one taper, that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—a crucifix nailed by her bed;
Her painting—one print of the thorned-crowned head;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees;
Her music—the psalm or sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer."

Bishop Bacon's Last Letter

The first Bishop of a diocese is naturally just as much of a pioneer, as is the humble missionary with his few struggling families off on the frontier, for a new diocese is usually a section of an older diocese, far removed from the Bishop's episcopal city, as yet undeveloped consequently demanding greater anxiety, greater attention, than does the part already blessed with an old time or long standing organization.

Such was the diocese of Portland in its early days. Distant from Boston, parishes few and far between, means of travel primitive as compared with present day facilities, it was most difficult for a Bishop to keep in touch with his priests and the few scattered children of the Church. Long letters were oftentimes written, where today it is so easy to pay a personal visit and adjust matters more directly.

When Bishop Bacon came to Portland as the pioneer bishop of the Diocese in 1855, he was a man of fine physique, in the best physical condition. Long journeys, and years of anxiety in the organization of his extensive diocese, had so shattered his robust constitution, that he was hardly more than a shadow of his former self when the Sisters of Mercy came to Portland. That he welcomed the opportunity of having them share in his labors, and take up some of the burdens that were weighing heavily on his rapidly aging frame is amply evidenced by the paternal care and very kindly interest which he took in their humble efforts, to relieve their Bishop of some few of his many burdens. When he left for his last visit to Rome to pray at the Threshold of the Apostles, his journey while one of duty was undertaken with the hope that his health might be restored, and his days of usefulness prolonged. His expectations were not however to be realized, for the sea-trip seems to have hastened the crisis in his physical condition to that extent that he found himself unable to continue his journey after landing in France.

In the midst of his illness and disappointment, his chastened spirit found consolation in the fact that the good

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, PORTLAND, MAINE

ESTABLISHED 1882

work was still going on at home and that the few Sisters of Mercy then at work in his Diocese were faithful in the performance of their tasks. There was satisfaction in the fact that they were of his own formation, or that they were his beloved children in the Lord from the fact that he had received their humble, sincere professions of fidelity to their Institute and their work, even unto death. Some of them he had known as children in the world, as promising young ladies, as pious God loving daughters of the Church, whom she had fostered in every possible way. It does in truth seem providential that at least a few of those who were privileged to share the burdens of the first Bishop of Portland, should yet be with us to give us as it were a first hand story of the day of fifty years ago. Better still that one of them should have carefully guarded and treasured all these years a letter written by Bishop Bacon, from the hospital just a few weeks before his return to America. This time-worn, oft read missive like a voice from the already misty past, shows the deep fatherly affection which welled up in the kind hearted Bishop for his faithful servants in the Lord, and his ardent desire to be again among his own.

This faded letter which had providentially escaped destruction at the hand of passing years, seems most appropriate for publication on the occasion of the semi-centennial of the Sisters of Mercy in Portland. The owner, an aged Sister the last surviver of the orignal band to reach Portland, May 31, 1873, has had it constantly in her possession ever since; it bears the date:—

"Brest, September 22, 1874

My dear Sister Jane:

You have already heard of my misfortune, to have been suddenly taken ill 3 days before landing, to have been neglected and even ill used by an ignorant physician and rendered unfit to continue my journey.

I have been shut up in this hospital since the 3 of August, and will probably remain here until the day of my departure for the States on the 24 of October, and even then

I fear that I will not be as well as I ought to be to undertake such a severe journey at this season of the year. But pray for me all, and ask the B. V. to protect me that I may reach home safe.

I am certainly improving a little every day, and have been for the past few weeks, but the weather is so changeable here and damp that improvement is very slow. I suppose that you are as usual at you Sacristy. I regret that that I could not visit Paris to make some purchases for my Cathedral and Chapels. I have however ordered a couple of full suits of vestments which we may have for the feast of the Immaculate Conception. I cannot even go to Lourdes which place I was so anxious to visit. I hope that you are all well and doing well. Remember me to all the Sisters and the orphans and above all pray for my recovery and my safe return to you.

May God bless and protect you all.

Yours sincerely in Christ, David William, Bp. of Portland

P. S.

I have received Sister Francis' letter; tell her that I am thankful for the news she gives me, and that I trust every thing will go on well until my return. Tell her and all the Sisters to pray for me. She says nothing about the Sisters; does not mention the names of those who have returned. I suppose that all the old ones are back, at least I shall be disappointed if the greater number are not,—for I do detest changes.

D. W. B.
Bp.

We live in our lonely cells,
We live in our cloisters gray,
And the warning charm of the convent bells
Tolls our silent life away.

Chastened

I

Never did the old Colonial Manor look more resplendent than on this balmy day in the beautiful month of June. The massive pillars were lustered with roses; the Gothic arches were entwined with honeysuckle and southern smilax. The magic fountain trickling on the velvety green gave, as it were, the appearance of a manmouth emerald beset with a million sparkling diamonds.

The spacious rooms were brilliantly lighted, and peals of laughter echoed from within. Today, this most auspicious day, was the homecoming of the master and mistress of this palatial estate; the homecoming of this worldly couple who lived only within the categories of joy and adventure. January with its blustering snows and chilling winds found them on the sunny Riviera in France; June saw their return to the hallowed shores, to the murmuring pines of Maine.

Born of God-fearing Irish parents, Mr. Fox spent those most tender years of youth in the sunshine of a Catholic home, a home permeated with the spirit of Holy Religion. Manhood, with its many and winding roads found him in the great Metropolis, alone and among strangers. Entering the law office of a leading New York firm, he by his untiring energy and audacious pluck so typical of the sons of Maine, steadily climbed the ladder of success.

The years sped by on golden wings, and with the coming of the rosy-fingered dawn five years hence, the bells of the stately old Cathedral tolled the wedding of a brilliant young lawyer and an ultra-fashionable society woman, a convert to the Faith.

At first the religious practices of his youth were boldly imprinted on the horizon of his memory, but gradually they grew dimmer and dimmer by the glitter of gold—the avarice of wealth.

II

"Would you look on a mother in all her pride,
Her radiant, dazzling, glorious pride?"

Their joys knew no bounds when first the cries of little Nellie were heard within the nursery walls. The beautiful young mother devoted her entire time to the little form mid the soft white nest. Her ears were closed to the calls of society, and she was contented to remain at home. However, sad to relate, after five or six years had elapsed, that fondness for travel and adventure, that craving for society returned.

To satisfy a selfish worldly desire, the beautiful old Manor was closed, and little Nellie's education was entrusted to the good Sisters of Mercy. There in the quiet and peaceful surroundings of that Convent home, the love of God and his Blessed Mother was instilled into her baby heart, forever to remain. She loved the good Sisters, and her sunny disposition soon penetrated their hearts, and her love was returned tenfold.

The arrival of the gigantic ocean liner Saxonia brought Mr. and Mrs. Fox back once more to their native shores, hence the gala day at the homestead. On the following morning Nellie bade good-bye to the dear Sisters of Mercy and took up her abode at the Manor, midst the luxury and affluence in which her parents lived.

A charming girl of twelve, she was truly "a phantom of delight—a lovely Apparation sent." Her sweet tender face with its large expressive blue eyes was framed in a mass of golden tresses which were softly flowing down. Her voice was like that of a nightingale, and as the Sisters had said, "she was like the violet blue—ever modest, ever true."

A governess was at once sought and Nellie was to complete her education and be fitted for the social world—a lily midst thorny roses. Once at home she was constantly in the company of her father. Her delights were his joys and his joys were her delights. Hence, when she expressed a wish to return to the Faith, Mr. Fox, who respected the faith of his parents, raised no objections. He told his wife that it was only right that Nellie, an unusually bright child, should select for herself.

Day after day her great consolation was to visit the rustic Chapel in which Catholic people of the summer mis-

sion were accustomed to worship, and at her daily devotions was a constant prayer to the Blessed Mother for the conversion of her Daddy.

III

The chill of a drear December morn cast its gloom hardly before June roses had faded, and Nellie, the darling of the household, was stricken with a disease which proved fatal. Eminent physicians from far and near came in palatial yachts, by trains and express, but all efforts were unavailable. Paler still her pale cheeks grew as she lay like a beautiful lily slowly drooping and fading away. From all the guards that science placed about the child, the Angel of Death was hovering near, and Nellie's soul went forth to meet her Creator—to her Eternal Home.

"The scent of a blossom from Eden!
The flower was not given to me,
But it freshened my spirt forever
As it passed on its way to thee.

In my soul it is lingering music,
The song was not meant for me,
But I listen and listen and wonder
To whom it can lovelier be.

I know that love never is wasted
Nor truth nor the breath of a prayer,
And the thought that goes forth as a blessing
Must live, as a joy in the air."

Grief and remorse were tugging at the heartstrings of those disconsolate parents until it seemed they were taut enough to break. That home of wealth and luxury, which but a few short months ago echoed with laughter, was now but a house of awful silence—of impenetrable gloom.

Mr. Fox refused to be reconciled to Nellie's seemingly untimely death. He lived in silence, refusing to see anyone save the Catholic priest who was attending the summer mission. He realized now how empty were the things of

this world; how worthless had been his struggle for wealth and distinction.

The scent of June roses and the fragrance of honeysuckle once more scents the air, and Time—the reconciling angel, finds this lonely couple kneeling once again in the little rustic Chapel where this man, whose hair is streaked with silver, worshiped when a boy. The sun shining through the stained glass window reflects a halo of peace, as he softly whispers—

"Methought I heard one calling 'Child'
And I replied, 'My Lord.' "

Agnes Hill.

"Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, mid vapors of death:
Where rings the loud cannon and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord."

Professed Sisters of the Community at Portland

Professed in Manchester, N. H., 1883-1922

Sister Mary Agnes Neville
Sister Mary Clare Leeson
Sister Mary Rose Tierney
Sister Mary Teresa Pickersgill
Sister Mary Euphrasia Crowley
Sister Mary Alphonsus Ryan
Sister Mary Gertrude McConville
Sister Mary Sebastian Cantwell
Sister Mary Angela Moran
Sister Mary Dominica Hessian
Sister Mary Petronilla O'Grady
Sister Mary Evangelist Jordan
Sister Mary Aloysius O'Halloran
Sister Mary Euphrasia Byrne
Sister Mary Eulalia Barrett
Sister Mary Scholastica Anglin
Sister Mary Gabriel Glynn
Sister Mary Jane Doyle
Sister Mary Dominica Shanley
Sister Mary Regis Gill
Sister Mary Adelaide O'Donahue
Sister Mary Borgia Toomey
Sister Mary Louise Kearney
Sister Mary Stanislaus Griffin
Sister Mary Loyola Brady
Sister Mary Berchmaus Ducey
Sister Mary Stanislaus Finn
Sister Mary Placidus Scully
Sister Mary Irene O'Meara
Sister Mary Pauline Stapleton
Sister Mary Blanche Fitzpatrick
Sister Mary Augusta Welch
Sister Mary Augustine Saniewska
Sister Mary Christina Grandfield
Sister Mary Flavia Wilkinson
Sister Mary Matilda Toomey
Sister Mary Paula Rafter
Sister Mary Camilla Leeson
Sister Mary Francesca King
Sister Mary Juliana McCann
Sister Mary Raymond Noonan
Sister Mary De Pazzi Murphy
Sister Mary Margaret Ford
Sister Mary Wilfrid Box
Sister Mary Clotilde Melody
Sister Mary Edmund Coggins

Sisters Professed In Portland

Sister Mary Louis Mutty
Sister Mary Magdalen Flaherty
Sister Mary Vincent Scanlan
Sister Mary Bernadette Shanahan
Sister Mary Frances Divney
Sister Mary Cecilia Flanagan
Sister Mary Joseph Linnehan
Sister Mary Xavier McNulty
Sister Mary Agatha Brennan
Sister Mary Philomena Short
Sister Mary Catherine Nelligan
Sister Mary Evangelist Morris
Sister Mary Fidelis Maguire
Sister Mary Ursula Sheehan
Sister Mary Dolores Mutty
Sister Mary Sylvia Shea
Sister Mary Perpetua Powers
Sister Mary Alphonsa McDole
Sister Mary Benedicta Finnegan
Sister Mary Raphael Fahey
Sister Mary Genevieve Hayes
Sister Mary Madeleine Ryan
Sister Mary De Sales Sullivan
Sister Mary Liguori Maloney
Sister Mary Bonaventure Brady
Sister Mary Ignatia Brady
Sister Mary Mercedes Short
Sister Mary Imelda Morrill
Sister Mary Ursula Winslow
Sister Mary Catharine Garrity

Sisters Professed In Portland (*Continued*)

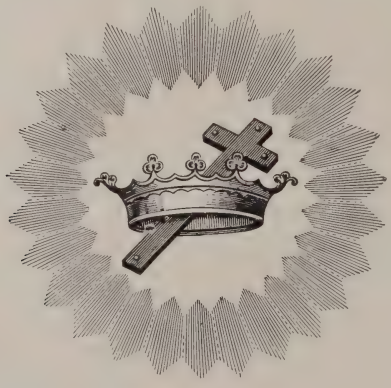
Sister Mary Columba Barry
Sister Mary Nolasco Boyd
Sister Mary Alphonsa Barnes
Sister Mary Felicitas Shea
Sister Mary Beatrice Hannigan
Sister Mary Wilfrid Willis
Sister Mary Eulalia Horan
Sister Mary Bernard Quinn
Sister Mary Augusta Duffy
Sister Mary Hilda Mullin
Sister Mary Antonia Carberry
Sister Mary Helena MacMann
Sister Mary Inez Anglin
Sister Mary Josephine Foye
Sister Mary Callista McConville
Sister Mary Euphemia Murphy
Sister Mary Paula Quinn
Sister Mary Germaine Slater
Sister Mary Mildred Wright
Sister Mary Bernardine Callaghan
Sister Mary Gonzaga Burke
Sister Mary Melania Desjarlais
Sister Mary Flavia La Forge
Sister Mary Lucia Nickerson
Sister Mary Carmelita Lockary
Sister Mary Edmund Murphy
Sister Mary Emmanuel Scanlan
Sister Mary Xaveria Toohey
Sister Mary Constance McCarron
Sister Mary Casimir Barden
Sister Mary Immaculata Hogan
Sister Mary Beatrice Rafferty
Sister Mary Eugenia Hennessy
Sister Mary Pauline Brown
Sister Mary Michael Neilon
Sister Mary Ernestine Cody
Sister Mary Alberta Godin
Sister Mary Loretto Durkin
Sister Mary Chrysostom Durkin
Sister Mary Cyril Sullivan
Sister Mary Roberta Ragan
Sister Mary Consilia Kenny
Sister Mary Cornelia Kenny
Sister Mary Carolyn Hanley
Sister Mary Andrea Sirois
Sister Mary Natalie Burns
Sister Mary Antoinette Cole
Sister Mary Joseph Gilbert
Sister Mary James O'Neill
Sister Mary Eulalia Murphy
Sister Mary Francesca Godin
Sister Mary Etheldreda Ryan
Sister Mary Adelaide Abbott
Sister Mary Basil Brennan
Sister Mary Paul McDonough
Sister Mary Annunciata Langlois
Sister Mary Hildegarde Dougherty
Sister Mary Aquinas Welch
Sister Mary Rosaria Noonan
Sister Mary Teresita O'Neil
Sister Mary Anna Toner
Sister Mary Patrice Bryson
Sister Mary Alice Ward
Sister Mary Wilhelmina Waters
Sister Mary Austin Squire
Sister Mary Sebastian Madigan
Sister Mary Evangelist Ward
Sister Mary Dorothy Holmes
Sister Mary Geraldine Walsh
Sister Mary Agatha Ward
Sister Mary Eucharia Keegan
Sister Mary Loyola Shea
Sister Mary Stephen Legassè
Sister Mary De Chantal McNeill
Sister Mary Aurelia Grady
Sister Mary Mercy Brady
Sister Mary Evarista Jeffers
Sister Mary Paschal Maloughney
Sister Mary Dolorosa Dawson
Sister Mary Eleanor Gooding
Sister Mary Bertille Donovan
Sister Mary Ancilla Dolan
Sister Mary Florence Dealey
Sister Mary Blanche Neilon
Sister Mary William Maguire
Sister Mary Gregory Murphy
Sister Mary Alacoque McCarthy
Sister Mary Ambrose Morin
Sister Mary Norberta Fitzgerald
Sister Mary Isabel Flanigan
Sister Mary Stella Cushman
Sister Mary Julia Murphy
Sister Mary Lucille Vermette
Sister Mary Anita Giguere

Sisters Professed In Portland (*Continued*)

Sister Mary Ildefonsa Corbet
Sister Mary Christopher Proulx
Sister Mary Bernice Fitzsimmons
Sister Mary Adele Cloutier
Sister Mary Adelina Cloutier
Sister Mary Irene McNeill
Sister Mary Helen Spruce
Sister Marie Teresa Jordan
Sister Mary Alma Laleme
Sister Mary Borromeo Butler
Sister Mary Jerome Murphy
Sister Mary Redempta Foley
Sister Mary Theodata Murphy
Sister Mary Benigna Viens
Sister Mary Gonzaga Coughlin
Sister Mary Edith McCormack
Sister Mary Basil Maxwell
Sister Mary Benedicta Driscoll
Sister Mary Teresita Larkin
Sister Mary Rosanna McMullen
Sister Mary Celeste Sheridan
Sister Mary Peter McDonald
Sister Mary Adrian Lockary
Sister Mary Edwina McLellan
Sister Mary Bertrand Coffey
Sister Mary Gratia De Francesco
Sister Mary Ethelberta Richards
Sister Mary Alexina Lebel
Sister Mary Aidan Joyce
Sister Mary Helena Cunliffe
Sister Mary Cecile Russell
Sister Mary Honoratus Maher
Sister Mary Vincentia Howell
Sister Christine Marie O'Connor
Sister Mary Denise Carron
Sister Mary Elsa Manning
Sister Mary Domitilla Flaherty
Sister Mary Crescentia Hopkins
Sister Mary Valeria Ham
Sister Mary Evangelista Walsh
Sister Mary Jeanette Saindon
Sister Mary Leona Burke
Sister Mary Evangeline Carron
Sister Mary Eileen Coleman
Sister Mary Huberta Gahagan
Sister Mary Alicia Mahoney
Sister Mary Emily Burns
Sister Mary Thomas McCusker
Sister Mary Francina Allen
Sister Mary Ursula McNally
Sister Mary Dionysia Crehan
Sister Mary Rose McMinnamin
Sister Mary Charles Kimball
Sister Mary Virginia Manning
Sister Mary Carmelia Laskey
Sister Mary Kathleen Doherty
Sister Mary Eunice Martin
Sister Mary Annunciata Quigley
Sister Mary Adelaide Norton
Sister Mary Veronica Dillon
Sister Mary Martha Barry
Sister Mary Gabriel Fahey
Sister Mary Ann Mullins
Sister Mary Luchy Seery
Sister Mary Barbara Dolan
Sister Mary Martha O'Brien
Sister Mary Monica Sullivan
Sister Mary Matthias Molloy
Sister Mary Margaret Mullins
Sister Mary Augustine McKenna
Sister Mary Andrea Condrin
Sister Mary Anselm Dwyer
Sister Mary Thomasina Boyle
Sister Mary Monica Houghton
Sister Mary Leo Keenan
Sister Mary Colette Payne
Sister Mary Anthony Sullivan
Sister Mary Cosmas Mullen
Sister Mary Damian O'Connell
Sister Mary Alexis Keenan
Sister Mary Appolonia Kenneally
Sister Mary Baptist Clancy
Sister Mary Regina Cullen
Sister Mary Zita Brown
Sister Mary Isidore McGuinness
Sister Mary Laurentia Cashman
Sister Mary Marcella King
Sister Mary Patricia Molloy
Sister Mary Michael Breen
Sister Mary Alexis Shea
Sister Mary Anastasia McDermott
Sister Mary Justina Conroy
Sister Mary Philip Conolly
Sister Mary Winifred Crehan
Sister Mary Eliabeth O'Reilly
Sister Mary Cleophas Bradley

Sisters Professed In Portland (*Continued*)

Sister Mary Bertha Worgan
Sister Mary Edward Gay
Sister Mary Celestine Casey
Sister Mary Blandina Barnes
Sister Mary Amelia Murphy
Sister Mary Aelred Kelley
Sister Mary Charlotte Shirlon
Sister Mary Ita Connolly
Sister Mary Alexis Cotter
Sister Mary Joachim Mulkern
Sister Mary Gerard Clark
Sister Mary Julia Walton
Sister Mary Clement MacGregor
Sister Mary Rosalie Beaudin
Sister Mary Claudia McHugh
Sister Mary Finbar Dwyer
Sister Mary Bridget Coyne
Sister Mary Lawrence Willette
Sister Mary Benedict Welch
Sister Mary Thecla Sullivan
Sister Mary Aniceta Brahan
Sister Mary Philip Connolly
Sister Mary Veronica McNamorra
Sister Mary Rita Larkin
Sister Mary Florentine Houle
Sister Mary Felix Foran
Sister Mary Barbara Foley
Sister Mary Matthew Costello
Sister Mary Bertha O'Donnell
Sister Mary Patrick Costello
Sister Mary Coleman Dillon
Sister Mary Assumpta Cloutier
Sister Mary Brendan Clancy
Sister Mary Bernadette Carron
Sister Mary Columbanus Ridge
Sister Mary Kevin Flaherty
Sister Mary Annette Nobelle
Sister Mary Matthew Walsh
Sister Mary Matthias Mahaney
Sister Mary Anne Coyne
Sister Mary Anastasia Johnson
Sister Mary Columkille Ridge
Sister Mary Leonard Ridge
Sister Mary Priscilla Clark



Life is a burden; bear it;
Life is a duty; dare it;
Life is a thorn-crown; wear it;
Though it break your heart in twain,
Though the burden crush you down;
Close your lips, and hide your pain,
First the cross, and then, the Crown.

Abram J. Ryan.

Bishop Healy's Journal

There was something very distinctive about the penmanship of the 2nd Bishop of Portland. We do not often meet a hand just like his, any more than do we see anyone today whom we might just call a 2nd Bishop Healy. His letters are very like their author; they are graceful; they leave a lasting impression; and the misery is that we have so few of them. He seems to have written them in such an off handed, natural tone, that one feels greatly disappointed that they end so soon. The perusal of the few at hand prove at least that our dear departed Bishop was a good letter writer, just the same as he could tell a good story. His letters are entertaining as well as instructive and our one regret is that more of them have not been preserved.

In our early years we remember that many of our priests used to take a short vacation at Norfolk, Va. We have often heard them tell of the pleasant days at this semi-Southern resort, the balmy spring airs that come from these historic shores of old Virginia, the loving care lavished by the good Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, commonly known as the Cornet Sisters.

The following letter from the hand of Bishop Healy amply bears our still vivid remembrances of the good men that are gone.

Norfolk, Va., March 13, 1893.

Sister M. Jane:

My dear daughter in Christ

Your continued weakness of health has caused me no end of anxiety, prompted me to say many prayers over you. I hope that you have not been so obstinate in your evil ways, as to defy the effects of medicine, care and prayers: if so you must be as obstinate as a hen or a—woman—I do not know what else can be more obstinate, unless it be a Nun. There now! perhaps Sister Aloysius and a lot more will be persecuting me for saying so much of the truth, and I apologize for it, but how can I take it back?

I enclose a picture of the establishment—and a strange one it is. It is owned and governed by the Sisters of Charity; and the little old Sister who built it is still at the head of it. She had been in Norfolk for 40 years. She is not near so tall as you or Sister M. Regis. She is now quite delicate in health of body, but her mind and will and piety and tact for managing men and women, Sister and Priests are just as good as ever. As for Bishops, she manages them by doing all that they want and then making them do just what she wants.

In this house there are two wards for sailors, one for American sailors, another for foreigners. Hospital get pay for them. Then there are rooms, fine rooms for sick, convalescents, and incurables, male and female. Besides nearly 20 Sisters there are servants, male and female—black and white—trained or to be trained nurses, male and female —house doctors, Catholic and Protestant. Dumb waiters leading from the big kitchen to the little kitchen and to the different stories—an elevator. Then there is the fine chapel with three marble altars.

Also a dozen cells for inebriates to cool off, such as brought by their relatives or friends. These are out of the way of others and not in the main building. I have visited some of them. Then there is a fine Bath establishment, with Turkish Baths, Sulphure, Electric etc., with regular trained attendants.

The discipline of all is that of a home. You can go to bed when you like; get up when you like. The priests have a dining place of our own, and the best of care and food almost too nice for what we pay.

I go to bed at 10.30 just as at home, and there seems to be no noise, no disorder, no quarrelling, and the little old woman who seldom appears, governs all from her little room, as if she had electric services to every part of the house and to every individual in it. She seems to be very good natured, very simple in her ways, with no airs, and the Lord blesses her and her work. She pays her bill as she paid for her house: now go thou and do likewise. I left an appeal for St. Joseph's and if MD, printed enough

of the circulars you may find that St. Joseph has not forgotten you.

The weather here is somewhat different from Maine. No snow, no ice except at table—overcoats often too heavy—birds twitering all about—farmers ploughing and planting —early vegetables coming up—spinage and a kind of green called kale, every where growing. The harbor is full of all kinds of sea and river craft from great iron men of war to little boats of all kinds. As yet I do not see many row boats. The Catholics are not numerous here, but some few are wealthy and these are generous. I preached in a voice like Annie Laurie's (low and sweet) every Sunday since I came, even the first. These Sisters think a great deal of me as a preacher. But I declare, I am writing a long letter, but I wanted to tell you all about the hospital—and that used up a good deal of ink. I hope that you have been careful and obeyed orders, and are now much stronger. If the Mother sent you hither, I would pay your passage, but I am afraid that she will not ask me to do it. At any rate you may see the good will, and accept for yourself, your companions in religion, and your charges the great big blessing of your

Friend and Father in Christ,

James Augustine Healy
Bishop of Portland.

Letter From Parlin Pond

In the mid-Summer of 1893, Bishop Healy made a pastoral visit to what might well be termed, and even yet, one of the wood-land sections of the Diocese of Portland. The Bishop had not yet as far as we know entered upon those years of ill-health which terminated with his death August 5th, 1900. He had now been in the Episcopate about twenty years, and had without doubt been subjected to many a fatiguing journey in the visitation of his isolated families in practically every part of Maine and New Hampshire. We have moved so fast since these not distant days, that we can hardly realize that our Bishop had to

cover most of these long distances by real horse power, not as we do today with autos having an estimated horse power. There was probably no churchman of his day who loved a good horse better than Bishop Healy, and those of us who were privileged to know him, can well say for future generations that no one enjoyed riding behind a pair of classy horses better than the second Bishop of Portland. His priests all knew this failing, and we are sure that they did not hire the poorest team in town, when Bishop Healy was their guest. His sense of humor was so keen, his repartee was so ready, his fund of illustrative stories so exhaustless, that we think that perhaps his entertainers would have found the auto too machine like, too rapid, since it would have inevitably shortened the hours spent in the society of their Bishop, hours whose fond remembrances have long lingered. Yet the fatigues were great for the man who had to be almost constantly on the road, so much so that we have often heard him say, "I have not been at home on Sunday since many weeks."

To start out from Bangor and journey down through Washington County, to Ellsworth, Cherryfield, Machias, Calais, Eastport and other places, over roads not at all like the fine broad highways of today, to be constantly ready to say an edifying word to the awaiting faithful here and there meant a trip of several weeks duration. To go up through far-away Aroostook and visit the intensely interesting Acadian parishes, to be the guest of the entire people, to follow the long procession from church to church, to talk to them in the language of Father Felician, to hear their troubles and anxieties, and that for weeks at a time was truly wearing on the most robust frame, on the best constitution.

To leave the train at Greenville and strike into the great forests, Maine's immense lumber preserves bordering that beautiful inland sea, Moosehead Lake, just like the missionaries of old with a guide and canoe to follow the trails or log roads across the forests to the shacks of the few lumber Jacks then laying the foundation of the present thriving town of Jackman, while having its pleasures, had also its fatigues for a care-worn man already advanced in years.

In his letter addressed from Parlin to his dear sister in

the Lord the Superior of a work dear to his heart, the home for aged ladies at Deering, Bishop Healy hardly gives us any inkling of the exhaustion which must have been his before reaching Nick Murphy's hospitable lodge at Lake Parlin. The letter seems only to dwell on his battles with the gamey trout, his enjoyment of the beauties, in truth untold, of this romantic region of our State, his musings on the historic ground over which he was so slowly passing, soil as he well knew sanctified so many years previous by the footprints of many a heroic missionary, and least of all by the Martyred Rale, on whose final days he so beautifully touches. There are here sources of edification for his good sisters in the Lord, matter for the edification of the devoted women living in the isolation of their convent homes, yet shedding the lustre of their consecrated lives in the home and in the lives of his people. While in the midst of fatigueing duties, softened with a few pleasures, while the summer rains are beating against the weather stained walls of the little Inn in the midst of the forest wild, Bishop Healy thus begins a letter from the Missions:

Parlin Pond, July 29, 1893.

Sister M. Jane

My dear daughter in Christ:

This letter if finished will reach you only one day before I do, and yet an account of my trip might amuse you and the dwellers both old and young at St. Joseph's. I am confined to the house for the present by the rain,—in spite of that rain I am to ride some ten or twelve miles before evening,—and nearly thirty tomorrow.

On last Friday and Saturday, the weather was terribly hot: today it is cold enough for snow. Last Friday we spent at Dexter with Father Bradley. Dexter is a pretty little town, built on the sides of two opposite hills and a little stream for the mills runs between the hills.

Father Bradley has a nice house overlooking the village and valley. Father McKennas' sister is his housekeeper. On Saturday afternoon we reached Greenville at the southern end of the great Moosehead Lake, the largest by far in the State of Maine. It is a beautiful sheet of water and

nearly all round encompassed by hills and mountains. The sunset on Saturday was one of the most beautiful I can remember. The sun went down on the opposite side of the lake sinking down between two mountains and painting the clouds far and near with every color that clouds can bear and changing the tints from time to time like shifting scenes of splendor. Indeed the sunsets of these regions have a wonderful splendor and beauty that is peculiar to this region.

On Sunday I had to do a deal of preaching in French and English, though to a small congregation in the village hall. The altar was a piano, the decorations principally American flags big and little, the relics of the 4th of July. I confirmed 38 persons in Greenville and some of them, as was evident, had never seen a Bishop and had rarely been at Mass.

On St. James' day I was in Jackman and said mass in another hall, more fittingly prepared. I came hither on the same day, expecting a chalice and missal, forgotten in Portland, to reach me in the afternoon,—but alas, and alas for the man that trusts in VV; the wind, the weather and all others, Ws are dreadfully uncertain. I have not said mass since the 25th but I have had a rest just the same.

This is a little way-side Inn at the foot of a great hill, almost a mountain, on a beautiful plateau that extends to the Pond or Lake directly in front, and not farther off than the cemetery gate is from the Home, and such a Pond for trout. The first evening in less than two hours we caught 46 beauties and coming in after our work, we felt as proud as fishermen (successful) usually feel and talked as much while showing our prizes. We have had two days of good fishing, and yesterday was very bad, owing to the high wind and bright sun, we caught very few fish. But we had the fine mountain air, the sunlight and warmth and the continual sight of the beautiful scenery. We saw one deer, a horned stag standing solemnly for a few moments in a hay field and then picking his dignified way among the hay-cocks till he entered again into the dark woods. The law forbids killing deer at present, and therefore the stag walked as slowly and felt as safe as a woman crossing a crowded street

of a city. Both trust in Providence—The stag in the law —the woman in the privilege of her sex.

No house, no family is to be found nearer than 10 miles. This house is kept by Nick Murphy—the next house and Inn is kept by Pat Murphy. His wife is a convert and his children are brought up Catholics, though they are of course but little instructed and some have gone astray. In his house I am to lodge tonight and say mass and confirm tomorrow. Then I shall ride 10 miles and confirm again—and then continue my ride for 14 miles to Bingham where I shall sleep and early next morning start for Lewiston.

Tomorrow my ride will be along the banks of the Kennebec. I shall see somewhat of Dead River, so called in 1775 when Gen. Benedict Arnold afterwards the traitor, led an expedition in winter through these wilds against Quebec, and buried so many of his men on its snow covered banks. The plough sometimes turns up some relic of the Continental army, and a short time ago, they found at low water a number of rusty cannon balls that had in those hard and sad days fallen into the river or were cast away because the half-frozen and weary horses could no longer drag them along in the scows or on the rude sleds.

As we go farther down the Kennebec, we shall catch a passing glimpse of the Monument of Fr. Rasles, the martyred Jesuit missionary. He was slain and scalped in 1724 at the foot of the cross at the door of the church in the Indian village. His body was hacked and stabbed, his mouth filled with sand and his scalp carried in triumph through the streets of reigning Puritan Boston. The commander of the expedition was a Colonel Westbrook, from whom comes the new name of Saccarrappa. His books are in part in the Historical Society library at Portland and also the little bell of the church. His Indian Language Dictionary is in Harvard College Library. The iron box in which he kept his church treasures is also in Portland. Strange to say its last owner was a Catholic priest, Fr. Waldren a descendant of Captain Waldren, who claimed the honor of being one of the assassins of Father Rasles. I doubt whether his descendants even the Protestants are proud of the honor.

Here I must stop as I have no more to say; and if I had I should almost be too tired to write. I expect to find your new improvements not entirely finished but so near to it that you can already see what they will look like. You had better get Smith of Lewiston to arrange the heating apparatus for the new dormitory rooms. He can better judge of what will suffice.

This letter is meant as a newspaper account for all at Deering—and you may thank your stars that this is a rainy day; otherwise you would have hardly got a letter. And yet it is pleasant, very pleasant for me to sit down when at a distance and write to my dear children in religion. So many are not only separated from the world, but have so few that are relatives within calling distance. Indeed not a few are those favorite children of God, the orphans; and even in their mature age, I hope it is a pleasure and a consolation to them to think that their father in God delights to have them share in his joys and in his sorrows, and thus when they say "Our Father who art in heaven," they will often think of and pray for their father in God.

James Augustine Healy,

Bishop of Portland

P. S. I would have written this letter to Rev. Mother in Portland but for the fact that I scolded Sr. Angela about the chalice and missal, and then had to put some soothing balm upon the wound produced in the shape of a continued letter. The Rev. Mother deserves a letter more than any of you since she wrote me a nice letter for St. James which reached me only yesterday. Thank your stars that you are in luck this time.

"How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace:
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him!"

The Reverend Mothers

In lauding the fifty years of labor given by the Sisters of Mercy to the Church in Portland, we must not forget the five valiant women who in the capacity of Rev. Mother have ruled the destinies of what has now become a great Community. The Sisters are naturally modest and retiring; they seek not the plaudits of the world which soon forgets; they prefer to say nothing of themselves; should they have any preference it is to do their work and pass on to their reward which is not of earth. This spirit is characteristic of their Society from the highest to the lowest, hence while we may for a moment dwell on the lives of their eminent leaders, we are not unmindful of the glorious rank and file many of whose praises have already been sung on the Eternal shores.

Since the establishing of the Mother house in Portland, there have been five Reverend Mothers, namely Theresa, Petronilla, Euphrasia, Margaret, Mary, and Emmanuel. Mother Euphrasia was the third Rev. Mother; Mother Em-

manuel is the present. In the case of the living Sisters of Mercy who have been called to guide and govern their Sisters in the Lord, we are free to say but little. We know only too well their preference, hence feel it our sacred duty to respect their oft expressed wishes, but we cannot refrain from saying briefly that the Rev. Mothers of the Portland Community may all be classed as eminent women who would have made their mark in any walk of life, and in the world would be known as superior women in this our day when an important place is being assigned to the gentler sex in the direction of affairs of State.

To take the departed Superiors in order, we may say that Rev. Mother Theresa, first Superior of Sisters of Mercy in Portland was of English origin, her family name being Pickersgill. She was born in England of a family distinguished, her grandfather being one of the great painters of his time. A convert to our holy faith, the only Catholic in her family, Miss Pickersgill came to America in her early years to enter the Academy of the Sisters of Mercy at Manchester. When she elected to cast her lot with the Sisters, she did so with the consent of her Father and the advice of Father McDonald, then pastor of the Church in Manchester. Entering at an early age, Mother Theresa saw 57 years of faithful service in the community, and at the time of her death was the oldest Sister in point of years of profession among the Sisters of Mercy in Maine. She had held the office of Rev. Mother for a period of fifteen years which is unusual in the Community. Her age at the time of her death was 79 years; her saintly death being a fitting close to a long career in religion.

Rev. Mother Petronilla was the next Superior to grace the rulers chair in the Portland Community. Like her predecessor, Sister Theresa, Mother Petronilla came across the water to give her life services to the Church in America, the land of her birth being County of Galway, Ireland. She too entered the convent at Manchester and in due time passed to Portland where she became the first Superior of St. Joseph's Academy at Deering, opening this now famous house of learning in the fall of 1882. For many years Mistress of Novices after the foundation at Deering, she

remained at the Mother house in Free Street where she afterwards served as Rev. Mother one term and then returned to St. Joseph's at Deering where she died. During her long career, she had filled the positions of Superior in Bangor and Lewiston, where we believe she was one of the pioneer Sisters of Mercy in St. Joseph's Parish.

The last of the deceased Rev. Mothers, is Margaret Mary, the fourth Superior of the Community in Portland. Margaret Mary was born in Quebec of Irish parents and like her predecessors received her training in the old Mother house at Manchester. Her career as Rev. Mother in Portland extended over a period of fifteen years which is unusual and an exception to the laws of the Mary Order. During her administration, the stately Mother house at Deering was built and practically paid for, so that Rev. Mother Margaret Mary, may well pass into history as one of the founders of this magnificent religious institution. "Who shall find a valiant woman," asks the Sacred Writer, "Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her." Theresa Pickersgill, the noted English lady; Petronilla O'Grady, the daughter of Ireland, one of the many in whose case Erin's loss was America's gain; Margaret Mary the gentle lady of Canadian birth, the last of the three dear departed Rev. Mothers, and not the least, for we believe that they may be all classed as the valiant woman sought in Holy Writ, the ones who have performed eminent service not alone to the Sisters of Mercy but to the entire Church in the Diocese of Portland which together with their humble Sisters in religion prays the kind and loving Lord whom they served so well to let perpetual light shine upon them.

Fifty long years! what if trials
Did oftentimes darken thy way—
They marked, like the shadows on dials,
Thy soul's brightest hour every day.
The sun in the height of his splendor,
By the mystical law of his light,
O'er his glories flings vestments of shadows,
And, sinking, leaves stars to the night.

Abram J. Ryan.

MOTHER HOUSE, SISTERS OF MERCY
PORTLAND, MAINE

Bishop Healy's Journal

His Travels In Belgium, France and Switzerland

We consider ourselves fortunate in having chanced upon a few lines addressed by Bishop Healy to his faithful co-laborers in the Lord's Vineyard, the Sisters of Mercy. Bishop Healy was now seeking the restoration of his shattered health in the quite yet out of the way places of Europe. He seems as usual to find consolation and repose in lingering within the shades of religious home, albeit he must at times find the well intentioned yet constant attention very fatiguing still in Belgium, at Paris, in Switzerland, his chosen house of rest is that sanctified by the presence of the faithful religious, who like his own seem to be ever in his deeply observant mind.

As we read his letters we cannot help noting how well he selects the topics on which he writes, how he follows the old Horatian advice, and mingles the instructive with the humorous, gives his pill, yet does not forget the sugar coating. From the moment the first letter comes to us from a Belgian city until we read the last lines written from the shores of beautiful Lake Lucerne, we seem to feel that we are journeying along quietly with our dear departed Bishop. We note his observant eye, how like the humming bird, or the busy bee, he culls the best as he passes on, and while extensively seeking the honey of repose, he does not lose a single opportunity to instruct and edify, to construct and build Christian character, especially in the homes of the devoted nuns. He seems to sense ever and always how deeply they appreciate the kindly and edifying word of the aged laborer, of the one who has labored long, who has labored much in the mission fields of a distant yet great nation. The moment is opportune and the seed thus sown will produce a harvest in many countries. In all his relations with the Sisters, he seems to have ever held in mind the beautiful text which he used so often 'Elegit eam et prae elegit eam' striving to show them ever and always that they were the

RT. REV. JAMES AUGUSTINE HEALY, D.D.

CONSECRATED JUNE 2, 1875
DIED AUGUST 5, 1900

Lord's chosen children and that their choice had been reiterated and emphasized by the Divine Master.

That Bishop Healy should keep up his practice of keeping in touch with his religious workers, the good sisters, when seeking personal repose amply proves that his thoughts, whether on a fishing trip, in the hospital at Norfolk, or traveling over the deeply interesting fields of Europe, were with his own at home, his treasure was there, and his paternal heart could find rest in no other place. We should therefore read with interest the following long treasured words from the pen of James Aug. Healy addressed to his now aged friend, the former Superior of the Old Ladies' Home at Deering. The selection begins with his arrival in Belgium and continues on to Switzerland, bearing date:

"July 1st 1894.

Sister M. Jane

My dear daughter in Christ:

I do not know that I have yet given an idea of a Belgium city. In the first place all the buildings are of stone or of brick, and the bricks are generally covered with a composition making them look like stone. In the principal streets the houses are four or five stories high, the streets, especially the new streets are broad, well paved with square blocks like our Congress. The Street cars do not compare with ours for comfort or beauty—not many are moved by electricity. The men, women and especially the children are very quiet in their play as compared with children in our country. Many workmen and working women and poor children wear wooden shoes, and how they manage to walk long distances, often with baskets on their heads, or trundling a dog-cart—or how boys and girls contrive to run and play is a wonder and a mystery.

The young Belgians and old drink enormously of beer—also much wine when they can afford it. The priests tell of drunkenness. You see red faces but rarely a drunken man. The workmen wear blue blouses—the little boys wear a long apron over their clothes, but nobody of the poor workmen, children or poor women wear a hat or cap or bonnet.

Old women wear a women's cap—little girls sometimes wear a cap like night caps in America.

At last came my day of starting for a journey to Paris. I went first to Brussels. Belgium is like a garden. It is a garden. The fields are small, divided off by walls sometimes, but oftener by hedges and rows of shrubbery.

Men and women work in the fields; boys and girls have their part of the labor. Women as well as men watch the gates of a railroad crossing; women are sometimes ticket sellers in the stations. I was amused at the station Restaurant at Brussels by the antics of a Puseyite (English Anglican). He was dressed as a priest, only a little more so; he acted like a priest only a little more so. His Roman collar was broader, whiter and more conspicuous; his long black coat seemed to be longer and blacker than those of a real priest. He and two young men with him stood and made great signs of the Cross—a yard wide; then they bowed low down while they said Grace, and solemnly went out. But they deceived nobody. The Belgian waiters said to me, "they are not priests, they are English:" and with a desire to laugh, I got into the Railway carriage for Paris.

At the frontier, we had all to have our baggage examined —a great bother it was. Once in France, there were more employees, more uniformed men, more gold lace on the uniforms, more hills, larger fields, more forests, fewer churches.

Arriving at Paris at 6 P. M. I went at once to the Nuns of Sion who lodged me in the house of their chaplains. My first night was almost without sleep. The priest had insisted upon my occupying the library—a grand room looking out upon a garden. But the smell of books, the close air stifled me. I had a grand bed in which their late superior, a holy man, had died or prepared to die. There are some people who always give, when they can, a death bed to strangers. I saw no ghosts, but had a chance to see them when I opened the closed window by moonlight and looked out.

The next day, Thursday, before the Assumption, I said mass at 8 o'clock in the Noble chapel of the Sisters and at breakfast renewed my acquaintance with the venerable and

kind Mother General. With Mother Callista, her secretary, and also with others, all the superiors have come together from Holy Land, Turkey, in Europe and in Asia, from Roumania, from Brazil, Costa Rica and from Lewiston.

They are to hold a General Chapter and to elect a Mother Superior. There is little doubt about the election of the present incumbent.

Meanwhile I began to move about Paris all by myself and found it very entertaining. Indeed I found the time of my visit very short. But many friends have disappeared from this life, and an attempt to assemble old friends at a dinner in the country only proved that we were indeed old, and that weak as I am I was nevertheless in better health and more vigerous than any one of the half-dozen invited but who could not come. I was made quite sad by the parting with some who were surely soon to die, and also by the messages of others whom I shall not meet again on earth.

The principal event in Paris was on Assumption day. The first one among the daughters of Sion to celebrate the 50th anniversary of her profession, was a Jewess much beloved by the Community. I said the mass and gave a little sermon. "Elegit eam et prae elegit eam" was the text. God gave me the grace of speaking to the hearts of all. In the afternoon, I gave the Benediction with the Community. They have every thing in grand style, beautiful chapel, altar, vestments, organ, and fine music. I also gave my ideas of Pater Noster to the Community, and there were many converts to the plain truths suggested. Indeed I was moved to tears almost when some of the Mothers declared at the end of my homily "I shall take those thoughts back to the Sisters in Jerusalem and to Constantinople." Thus my stay was made pleasant in Paris, but my week ended on Wednesday 18th and with many commendations to our Lord and His Holy Mother, I left them.

Here is the preface for a long or a very short letter as the case may be. I have left the pious pilgrimage of Einsieldeln and have come hither a short distance away, and have been trying to regain my sleep lost through the blessed church bells thirteen in number that rang all day and far into the night. But this is a pious place also, though not a

pilgrimage. Here also everybody salutes the priest; here also the little ones and only the little ones run up and offer their little fat and often dirty hand to the priest.

But before I forget it there is one point I suggest for your hospital. I find there is not much consumption in Switzerland; and perhaps that is due to to the manure preventative or cure. You see the Swiss people have only a small country. To economize space, as in some countries where the pig lives under the same roof with the family, the Swiss build their houses, so the upper part is a hayloft,—the middle story the dwelling part, and the lower part the stable for the pig, the cow, and the horse, if they have one. Sometimes in small houses the animals live in one end of the building, the family in the other, and night and day they enjoy the consolation of the smell and health giving effect of the manure. When you pass by the house in the dark, you would in any other country, think you were passing a cow-house or a stable; but here you know it is a sanatorium or dwelling house; for they are all alike. There is another advantage, the animals help keep the house warm; now you might keep your cow in the Boiler room and this would save more soft coal next winter. Drive consumption out of the house and enjoy the aroma of the cow-house,—and when you go to Mass with other people who may be foolish enough to object to the odor of your garments, you can think and console yourself by the thought, I am doing these foolish people a favor; in spite of their noses, I am keeping away consumption and all kindred complaints for them. They say too that the proximity of cows imparts good temper to little women; the Swiss women are noted for good tempers; see what good would result from the plan. And then the Bees, I was forgetting them. Every house of a peasant farmer has four or five hives of bees between the windows in the summer—in the house in the winter, and these bees are good tempered and don't sting the children or any one who is good tempered. Behold the effect of manure even on bees. Now old John (remember me with a blessing) could attend the fire, and the cow and the pig and the bees without going out of the house in

Winter, and only think of the good effect on the old women and the young.

Now that I have freed my conscience and given you such good advice, I can only exhort you not to let the Sisters such as Aloysius, or Gertrude or Raymond or Xavier or even the Rev. Mother laugh you out of it. I expect then to find the house a Sanatarium against consumption, and when a funeral passes by you will not be afraid of poisonous gasses, for you will have the antidote in the house.

I send you some photographs of Einsieldeln the famous pilgrimage. My letter to Rev. Mother will explain it; and the book sent to Sarah tells all the story. We are here about twenty miles away—one of the most romantic and beautiful places I ever saw. Imagine a village in a green valley, with high mountains at the back, high mountains looking over and into it at each side; close at hand green nearly to the summits—2, 3 or 4 thousand feet high. The village borders on a lake, Lucerne, and it is situated where two angles of the lake meet. Therefore you follow the deep green of the water in two directions—and one direction is bordered by mountains green to the tops and in the other direction, the mountains on one side are green, but on the other side of the lake they are all covered on the tops with everlasting snow. And you see them at early morning, at noon and in the dark night, standing there so high, so immense, so beyond the comprehension in their grand silence, that you feel a constant awe and admiration as you look at them.

My window has a balcony in front of it, and we sit in the morning or in the evening listening to nightingale and other birds and wonder at the works of God whose power and immensity are made manifest in the everlasting hills and whose mercy is so visible in the beauties and bounties of the valley. I shall never be able to forget the beauties of Einsieldeln.

The railroad runs along the lake, plunging into dark tunnels made through the base of the mountains; the steam boats ply over the lake; the little boats ply about with men standing at the back end to row them. Last evening some Italian singers picturesquely attired in jackets of red and

blue, white and striped colors with gorgeous red caps came to while away the evening with song and instrumental music. We sat out on the balcony until 9 o'clock listening, as the mountains echoed back the music; never did music sound and resound in a grander theatre.

Now I have written much (for me) of our stopping place. Father O'Brien made me forget it all when he proposed that I should come home and close my penance under the skies of Maine. I cannot yet resume work and I fear that Father Healy and others would not believe it possible for me to keep quiet in a little cottage at Deering. It was good to remain on earth itself, was it not? Remember me with a most affectionate blessing to all the Sisters in both houses at Deering, and both in town. Show the letters far and near,—also tell Anna, Nellie and Alice Bogan, how often I think of them and the old women, even old Jane with her wandering steps—of old and young John with their gardens and the onions. Tell the Rev. Mother to consider this as an appendix to the letter to her and written at odd times.

This book of Photos was a gift from the old Abbot of Einsieldeln as I was leaving. I send it to you until I come home or enter the Monastery, if they are willing to take your poor, old Father in Christ.

James Aug. Healy,
Bishop of Portland."

Thus closes the interesting series of letters written by Bishop Healy to the Sisters of Mercy in Portland. These tender missives came from a pen whose hand already felt the chill of passing years, from a great Churchman whose footstep was no longer elastic, whose expectations of many future years of usefulness were far from hopeful. They were given existence just a few years before the close of his eventful career, in the self-same spirit of helpfulness that has characterized the years of his long and trying episcopate.

Our gratitude to the aged nun who has treasured them all these days and who has often repelled the temptation to destroy them, should be indeed lasting, for they truly throw

some very striking rays of light on a loved existence that might otherwise enter more deeply into the shades of forgetfulness on the part of those among whom he labored so long, so faithfully.

Twenty-five years of the fifty that the Sisters of Mercy have labored in Portland were days of his kindly rule. It is only natural therefore that his dear daughters in the Lord who were privileged to share his anxieties and his joys, should love to linger amid the memories of the day of old, when the helpful and thoughtful spirit that gave birth to these time worn letters, was yet among them, whether at home or abroad, constantly cheering them on and silently preparing for the dawning of the bright days of hope and usefulness which we fondly trust are in store for the Sisters of Mercy in the Diocese of Portland.

The Golden Jubilee

The celebration at Deering next Wednesday of the fiftieth anniversary of the coming of the Sisters of Mercy will be in striking contrast with their humble advent fifty years ago. The great Mother house in which the celebration takes place, the spacious grounds now at their best, the numerous friends and well wishers in attendance, will we are sure bestow on the good Sisters of Mercy a well earned mead of praise. For many years following their coming to Portland, the Sisters lived in Bishop Bacon's former residence, now enlarged and remodeled and known as the Catholic Institute. When Bishop Walsh came to Portland as the Ordinary of the Diocese, he saw at once that the Sisters of Mercy needed more room for their work, and became at once conscious of the possibilities surrounding their modest Boarding School at Deering. The magnificent estate was soon purchased and the Sisters launched on the broad plan which has brought to a realization the beautiful and spacious institution of the present day, namely the Mother house, Boarding school, and young ladies' College, a seat of learning not surpassed, if indeed equaled by any other in our State. This little short of marvelous development

within the space of a few years is due in the first place to the wise and progressive leadership of Bishop Walsh, and in the second to that constant spirit of co-operation on the part of the Sisters of Mercy, which has characterized the fifty years of their presence in Portland. They may at times have found their Bishop very active, and have felt that he was multiplying their spheres of usefulness faster than they could fill them, but we are sure that they in common with all right thinking people, will today rejoice in the fact that Divine Providence has in the person of Bishop Walsh, given such a wise and active leader to the Church in Portland.

Another fact we should not overlook, and that is: the Sisters of Mercy have toiled late and early, long and faithfully. Their personal sacrifices are known only to themselves and their loving Master. Day by day they have kept constantly at their task. As soon as one faithful laborer fell by the way, another took her place, so that notwithstanding the frailties of human nature, or human mortality, the great work has gone on so well that there is no reason to doubt that the spirits of the dear departed Sisters from their abodes of Eternal happiness rejoice today with their yet toiling Sisters and pray their loving Father in Heaven to bestow more abundant blessings, thus to enable them to labor longer and if possible more energetically in the Vineyard of the Lord.

Shine on, shine always, thou star of my days!
And when death's starless night gathers o'er me,
Beam brighter than ever, adorn by Thy gaze,
And light the dark valley before me.

Abram J. Ryan.

Chronological Development, Sisters of Mercy In Diocese of Portland

Do you know these facts of the Sisters of Mercy who came to this Diocese at the request of the Rt. Rev. David W. Bacon, first Bishop of Portland, Me.?

1865 The First Parochial School in Bangor was opened.
The First Academy in Bangor was opened.
The first Sodality of the Children of Mary in Bangor was organized.
A Night School for Adults was organized.

1871 A Boarding School for Young Ladies was opened at North Whitefield and the Sisters taught the District School under the supervision of the State.

1873 The Sisters took charge of the Parochial Schools in Portland, of St. Elizabeth's Academy and of St. Elizabeth's Orphanage; also conducted a Night School.

1877 The Sisters organized the first classes in Kavanagh School.

1878 The Sisters of Mercy were placed in charge of the State School at the Indian Reservation, Old Town, Maine, and have devoted themselves ever since to the welfare of the Penobscot Tribe of Indians.

1879 The Sisters took charge of the Indian Mission at Pleasant Point on Passamaquoddy Bay, and another at Dana's Point on the Schoodic Lakes.

1881 At the request of the Rt. Rev. James A. Healy, D.D., the Sisters opened St. Joseph's Academy, Deering, Maine; also took charge of St. Joseph's Home for Aged Women, Deering, Maine.

1885 The Convent and School of The Immaculate Conception were opened in Calais, Maine.
St. Joseph's Convent and School were opened in Old Town, Maine.

1894 St. Mary's Convent and School were opened at Biddeford, Maine.

1896 St. Mary's Parochial School was opened in Bangor, Maine.

1898 St. Mary's Convent was opened in Bangor, Maine.

1903 St. Ignatius' Convent and Parochial School were opened at Sanford, Maine.

1904 St. John's Convent and Parochial School were opened in Brunswick, Maine.

1905 The Parochial School in St. Joseph's Parish, Lewiston, Maine, was opened.

1907 Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D.D., opened Holy Innocents' Home.
Land purchased in Deering for a new Mother House.

1908 The ground was broken and the building of the New Convent was started.
The Corner Stone was laid and the dedication Ceremony performed by Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D.D.

1909 St. Anthony's Guild, a Home for Young Girls, was opened in Portland.
A High School for Catholic Girls was opened in Portland.
The Catholic Institute for Boys was opened in Portland.
The New Convent was occupied by the Sisters.
St. Mary's Convent and Parochial School were opened in Bath, Maine.

1911 St. Mary's Academy of Aroostook, Houlton, Maine, was opened, a Boarding and Day School.
St. Michael's Orphanage in Bangor was opened.

1913 St. Edward's Convent and School were opened at Bar Harbor, Maine.

1914 St. Mary's Convent and School were opened at Augusta, Maine.

1915 St. Joseph's College for Women, Incorporated under the Laws of the State of Maine, with full powers to confer degrees, was opened.
St. Joseph's Parochial School was opened at Deering, Maine.
Sacred Heart Parochial School was opened at Portland, Maine.
Madigan Memorial Hospital was opened in Houlton, Maine.
The first Catholic Training School for nurses was organized.

1916 St. Mary's Convent and School were opened at Orono, Maine; also a Catholic High School.

1917 Catholic High School for boys was opened at Portland, Maine.

1918 The Queen's Hospital at Portland was established.
Catholic Training School for Nurses was organized.

1919 The King's Academy at Portland was opened.

1920 St. Louis Home and School for Boys was founded at Portland, Maine.

1922 New South Wing was added to the Mother House.
St. Teresa's Convent and School were opened at South Brewer, Maine.
St. Benedict's Convent and School were opened at Benedicta, Maine.

All these Schools and Institutions were placed under the care of the Sisters of Mercy.

The marked increase in the number of convents, schools and institutions since 1907 is due to the zeal and energy of our Rt. Rev. Bishop, Louis S. Walsh, D.D., who has always taken great interest in the spread of Religion and Catholic education throughout his vast diocese, especially in the City of Portland.

CHAPEL INTERIOR, ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT
PORTLAND, MAINE

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
3 8151 001 24743 3

LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S
BOSTON ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.